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K. M. CHATTERJEA AND HIS TIMES.

“There is no religion higher than Truth.”

Rigveda.

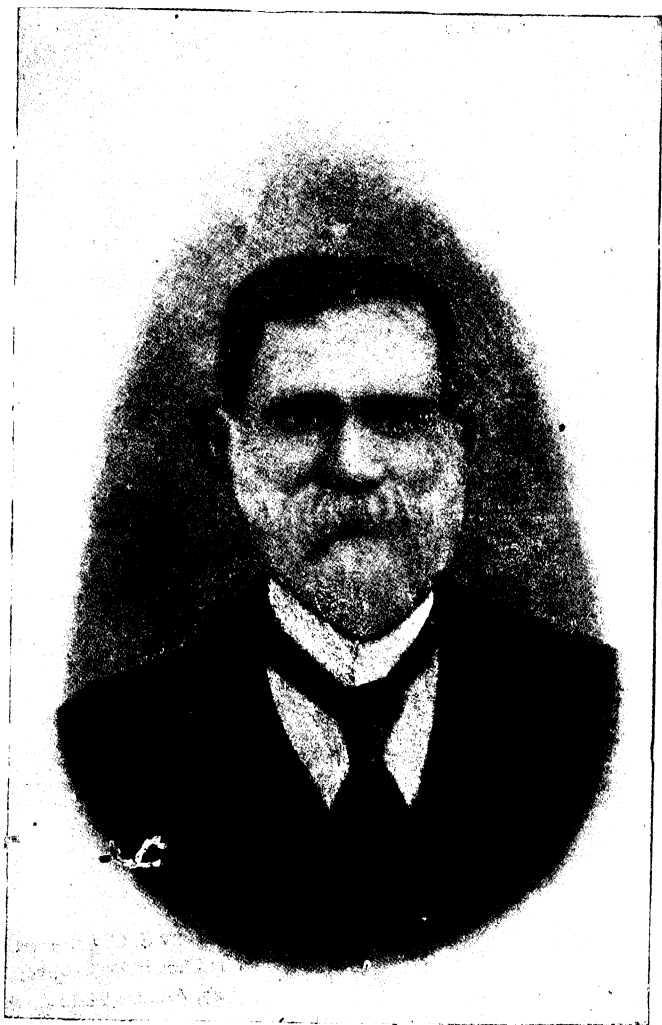
NOLINI MOHUN CHATERJEE.

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K. M. CHATTERJEA

DEDICATION.

To the Members of the Indian Rationalistic Society, Calcutta.

This little book, with its imperfections, which I wrote in four weeks at Shillong, I dedicate to you with deep gratitude and affectionate regards. You will not feel anxiety in regard to my salvation, if I put you in mind of the weighty reflection of Diogenes, that a man who wishes to be saved must have good friends or violent enemies, and he is best off who has both.

PREFACE.

I have written the following pages perhaps on mournful note ; but, in setting out in this way the problems and defects of the East, —and India is included in the East, I am by no means despondent. I do not doubt for a moment that the people of this country will remedy the defects and overcome the obstacles in their path. It is, necessary, however, that the defects and obstacles should be clearly seen and realised.

I am much indebted to my friends Mr. R. C. Maulik and Mr. R. Maulik for many excellent suggestions which I have adopted, I have also to thank my brother Captain R. Chaterjee for some materials and his kind offer to bear some portion of the cost of publishing this Life.

N. C.

VINCELLES-YONNE, FRANCE

June 1920.

INTRODUCTION.

Man is either entirely domestic or he combines in himself the State and Domesticity. In the primitive and low stage of civilisation he looks for food and begets children ; when he has attained that he rests satisfied ; even his tribe does not interest him. As he rises in civilisation, his mental vision enlarges and he begins to think of the tribe, and that only in relation to the danger to which it may be exposed from its enemy. When the danger is passed, he forgets his tribe and resumes his domestic life. As he rises higher in civilisation he begins to cultivate his intellect ; his brain which is composed of cells, receives exercise by cultivation and expands. He then considers his tribe as a group of which he is a unit, and that his own well-being is dependant upon that of the tribe. And, in the course of mental evolution, he establishes for himself a State of which all the members of the tribe form a solid group. In weal or woe, he lives for the State ; his own domesticity is subordinated to the maintenance and welfare of the State. The State is an association, on the same soil, of the living with the dead and those who will be born. A man's life in civilisation is made up of his thoughts and actions

in regard to the State. His life at home, his relation to his family, in short his domesticity should not have any interest for the public, which is only concerned with what the man has thought and done for his posterity. I have not entered into this phase of his life. Kishori Mohun considered education as the panacea for all the evils from which humanity suffers. He wrote much on it. He would have the university education placed upon the model of Oxford and Cambridge. He would not make it cheap as it has been hitherto. Cheap education produces shoddy articles, and has failed to create men of character worthy of being rulers of the country. Primary and secondary education need not be costly ; in fact, Primary education should be free and compulsory ; for every child, male or female, must learn to read and write and cast up accounts. This is one of the duties incumbent upon civilisation. It may be onerous but it has to be discharged. He pleaded for the establishment of commercial, industrial, and technical education for the vast majority of boys, who as university men have failed of success in life. According to him the State should take up the Primary and Secondary education and control it, leaving the University education to those who would pay for it, at the same time keeping a strict superintendence over the University lest it should sink

below the high water mark of efficiency. The profession of law is fed to excess. The members of it scarcely make a decent living by it. They suffer from mental and physical dyspepsia. It were better therefore to give the boys or young men practical training in the workshop, which would teach them the dignity of manual labour and instil into their minds the idea of higher standard of living. They should learn that physical labour entails exhaustion of tissues which has to be repaired by nutritious food containing much protein. Is it not vexing to admit that there is not a single indigenous firm to manufacture bicycles which were first imported into this country 40 years ago. As regards the legal education, it was suggested to make it more costly and efficient in order that Indian Lawyers might be on an equal footing with the British Lawyers. This would enhance their self-respect and dignity. The physical deterioration and the poverty of the race called forth strong comments, and he wrote the article entitled Gammomania or marriage madness. He noticed the indignity and contumely bestowed upon the Indian travellers by rail when travelling in their native costume, that evoked some observation on the subject in an article on Drapery. The question of the girls, and women had not escaped his notice. He wished

for them a practical education that might befit them to earn a livelihood and be independent of marriage at an early age. He was in favour of large schools for boys and girls in some hill stations with a view to the improvement of their body and mind : all this remained with him a pious wish. Nothing has been achieved up to now. Bad education, selfishness, and want of vigour and energy of mind and body have taken the sap out of the life of our race. There is left the voice, and nothing else. The Chinese have a saying, "he who is eloquent and has a sharp tongue may always leave half of a sentence unspoken ; and he who has right on his side may confidently yield three lengths of his assertion." In writing this biography I have had three ideas before me. The first is to put in a compendious form the social and political history of that period ; the second is to show the extent of the progress the country has since made, and the third is to show whether there has been a development or retrogression in the character in our countrymen and in the idea of the State.

There has been much loose talk and vague definition of culture and character. Culture is that condition of mind in which the race keeps to its own traditions for the preservation of its identity ; but those traditions must not be opposed to

the freedom of reception, and development of ideas that are constantly changing or are in the process of rapid evolution. It must take into account the economic, scientific and political changes that are ever taking place in the world. And in view of these considerations some of the traditions must bend and undergo certain modifications to enable the race to survive with dignity and pride. Man is the highest animal, he has been endowed with the greatest of gifts—intellect and reason. He is capable of the highest development in all the departments of life. Should any tradition neglect or keep at arm's length any group of men, such tradition must yield place to natural laws which have not put up a barrier against the intercourse between man and man. All the religions of the world, except the Pauranic religion, proclaim the genus man as the creation of one God: where does then the question of touchability and un-touchability come in ! God's law or Nature makes no difference between man and man in regard to heredity. Nature has not declared that one man is sacrosanct and another is profane : all that she has done, has been to establish the inexorable laws which govern the gametes of the male and the female, and the union of these gametes producing the zygote—the embryo, contains all the traits of the ancestors. Culture is a quality

which is neither heritable nor transmissible. It is acquired. The Culture of a race consists in its philosophy, its religion, its language and dress, its art and science and its mental and physical stamina. Many of these elements suffer changes in the process of development. No race can assert that its culture has been a constant quantity. Character is a quality of mind which is distinguished by energy and firmness. It is never unsteady and is impatient of vacillation in others. If it seizes hold of an idea, it remains firm by it and executes it. A man of character seldom makes a promise which he knows he cannot fulfil, or does not try to keep it ; flabbiness of mind is the reverse of character and involves degeneracy of the man and his race. It arises from the inheritance derived from the enslaved mind of the male and female ancestors. Character springs from nourishing food and social freedom of men and women. Education is not the only remedy for this state of mind. Rousseau and the Encyclopedists wrote on education for their own people in Europe, where the men and women were socially free and had character. When Mill and Herbert Spencer thought and wrote on education, they were thinking and writing for their own virile race. Their thoughts and writings have not been assimilated and realised in Asia, except in Japan, but they have reposed in glowing phrases in the fine peroration of a glib tongue of the Easterner.

K. M. CHATTERJEA

AND

HIS TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY.

*“Even the homely farm can teach us, .
There is something in descent”*—TENNYSON.

IN the confusion of races and ideas the people are apt to overlook the paramount problem of heredity, which vitally affects the life of a race as well as the career of the individuals composing the race. We know with what care and assiduity the breeders of horses, no less than the fanciers of pigeons, scrutinise the pedigree of their favorites, and cross and recross them in order to produce the best species, with the best frame and texture of all their parts. Man neglects the investigation of his own origin and birth, but is strangely careful and pernicketty as regards the breed of his horse and dog. The

reason of this indifference lay in the knowledge derived from the catechism of his religion which has taught him that man is a special creation and is above the natural or biological laws that govern the lower animals, the brute creation. He has been fed with the notion that the natural law of variation and inequality does not affect his species, that he can ever indulge in the conceit that all men are equal in all parts of the world, and that they are all blessed with equal endowment of mind, body and morals. In his secret heart every intelligent person, man or woman, must involuntarily argue, that it is not borne out by experience, and that it is a fable embellished by roses and colourings. Every one knows that to be born in a duck's nest in a farm yard is of no consequence to a bird if it is hatched from a swan's egg ; for the bird persists in being a swan and will not have much dealings with ducks.

The Chattopadhyas are a large family of Brahmanas, the descendants of Kāśyapa, a *rishi* or seer of great eminence, whose name is often mentioned in the Vedas. They,

therefore, belong to the *gotra* or class of Kāsyapa. They are as numerous as the stars in heaven. They were a prolific people, and have overspread India. The families of Kāsyapa are to be found in every province in India, and are all related by the ties of blood ; but they live as strangers in a strange land. The marriage between men and women of the same *gotra* is forbidden, however remote the relationship between them be. The physiological notion of consanguinity is strained too far.

These particular Chattopadhyas are descended directly from Sreekar, an eminent commentator of the Vedas, who lived and distinguished himself somewhere about 1000 years ago. The immediate ancestors of the memoir migrated from Vikrampur in Dacca to Saidabad, a short distance from Berham-pur in the district of Murshidabad. The immigrants permanently settled at Saidabad during the Native Government. Some of them took service under the Native Government, and the others who were of stout heart and of adventurous disposition took

to commerce and became successful as silk merchants, and even carried their wares to China for sale in the Chinese market. Thus they built up a fine fortune.

The business was carried on and continued till long after the British occupation of the country. In this family of merchants, which had abandoned the sacerdotal office, was born Shamlal the youngest son of Keshava Ram. The latter like his father Hrishikesh often took voyages to China in fulfilment of his engagement as a trader and merchant in silk. Shamlal's brother, Binodilal became successor to his father's business. The family of Keshava Ram was equipped by nature with masculine qualities of body and mind. It consisted of handsome sons and daughters. My grand-mother often used to tell me of my grand-father's handsome features, and almost Greek in structure of his body, and of his clear olive complexion. He was a man of large affection and infinite courage, and was honest and straight-forward as a true Brahmana. My grand-mother in

her leisure moments, which she rarely enjoyed, used to dwell upon his virtues with that far-away look into the past, that I shall never forget. My grand-father, Shamlal, was brought up and reared amidst wealthy surroundings. He was introduced, as was the custom in those days, into Sanskrit, Persian and English learnings. He loved the English tongue. Heine in one of his hepatic moods disparaged the English language. He remarked, "the devil take the people with their language ! They take a dozen monosyllables in the mouth, chew them, crush them, and spit them out, and call that talking." Shamlal had not read Heine. I apprehend it would not have made any difference in his appreciation of the noble English tongue, even if he had read Heine's uncouth observation.

Despite the liberality of ideas and constant sea voyages to the far East, and it is not recorded nor is there any tradition in the family that in his several trips to China, Keshava Ram had ever taken with him a paraphernalia of Hindu cook and servants,

this family lay supine and submissive to the narrow and hidebound custom of the society. The exiguous and rigid custom tends to generate and produce hypocrisy in the members of the society—a vice, the worst of all vices, which kills the soul of humanity.

It is necessary now to deal with the mother's side, the Bandopadhyas. The Bandopadhyas are the descendants of another great Rishi, Sāndilya. He has not that antiquity of Kāsyapa, but is a seer of great learning and sanctity. They, too, are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and are comprehended under the *gotra* of Sāndilya, and have their relatives scattered all over the country. They all live alienated from each other in their own grooves, without an attempt to recognise the relationship. This branch is chiefly distinguished for its statesmanship and administrative talents. Under the Native Government all, or nearly all, the predecessors of this branch held high stations in the government of the day. For this biography it is fit that one name in the tree of genealogy should be mentioned. It

is the great name of Ram Mohun Roy. The title of Roy was bestowed upon this branch of the family by the Native Indian Government. The Roys are the natives of Khanakul in the district of Hooghly.

Ram Mohun Roy had two sons, Radha Pershad and Rama Pershad. The eldest son was 18 years older than the youngest. Except in point of intelligence, the two brothers were quite unlike each other in temperament, character and learning. The eldest had inherited most of his father's virtues : generosity, courage, probity and learning. In his manner of living, he combined the great Moghul with the great English aristocrat. Radha Pershad had two daughters, Chandrayoti and Mayetri. He had no sons, nor had he recourse to that priestly fiction of adoption, which lesser men of earthy composition resort to. He, like his father before him, threw into the limbo of discarded things the poisonous growth and ulcerous incrustations of the Shastras, and never let their exhalations rise from it to spread the plague in his family. In the life-time of Ram

Mohun Roy, at a momentous period of his life, when he resembled great Ajax in fighting the superstitious fancies of the degenerate Hindus, and like Roland with the sword Durandal was making a breach in the rock of the false and contumacious arguments of the missionaries and after the manner of his great progenitor Sândilya, was laying down the charter of freedom of intellect for men and women, and was labouring to resuscitate the true religion of the Hindus—it was at such a pregnant epoch that my grand-mother, Chandroyoti, saw the light of the day. In physical characteristics the law of heredity impressed her.

She was a child of her grand-parents and her own father and mother. She was born a lovely child. She grew handsomer with age and inherited from her father and grand-father the robustness of character and cultured liberalism. Her education up to the age of 15 was undertaken by Ram Mohun Roy himself. Every morning between 8 and 9, her grand-father used to enter the ladies' portion of the house where three chairs would

be placed for her, her mother and her preceptor, Ram Mohun Roy. He would read and explain to them the moral and religious beauties of the Upanishads, the noblest and the most soul-stirring ideology that has ever emanated from the genius of man. He would expound to them the simple grandeur of the doctrines of Vedanta. He would in righteous wrath discourse to them on the iniquity and infamy of modern Hindu social customs. It is in these circumstances and surroundings that her life grew and expanded. She had to be married. Ram Mohun Roy was hard put to it to find a family worthy of his alliance. He would not throw away his grand-daughter on a sacerdotal Brahmana, immersed in ignorance and superstition. With the utmost trouble and difficulty, he persuaded the Chattopadhyas of Saidabad to enter into matrimonial union with his family. Shamlal was chosen and given over to the Roys, and was cut off from the root of his own family. Such then was the cussedness, the rigour, and the uncompromising attitude of the

society. Shamlal left his home and his relatives, never to return to them, for saving the face of the Roys. It was a tremendous sacrifice on his part. He was married to Chandroyoti in accordance with Hindu rites. The dear bit of black stone with vermilion paint on it called Saligram, the symbol of Brahma, Vishnu and Maheshwar, which is the chief and essential object of worship in all the ceremonies of Pauranic Hindus,—and without this symbolic deity no ceremonies are sanctified,—had its corner in the marriage ceremony of Shamlal and Chandroyoti. In this domain Ram Mohan Roy's courage failed him, and he truckled to the very system of religion against which he had inveighed. Within six months of this marriage, Ram Mohun Roy sailed for England. Chandroyoti was 16 years of age at the time of her marriage. Shamlal, not having received a stiver from his parents, had been treated by his father-in-law Radha Pershad Roy with affection and consideration. He forgot the wrench occasioned by the separation

from his family and parents ; so much kindness and love was showered upon him. His father-in-law was a stickler in all that he said and did, and in order that he could give his son-in-law the full benefit of his ideas of education and good-breeding, engaged the services of Dr. D. L. Richardson to take charge of Shamlal and give his mind the direction and guidance needful to a young man on the eve of his entrance into the stupendous struggle of life. Dr. Richardson was a man of superior type. My grand-father gained much in knowledge and experience in the society of his friend and tutor. Voltaire has truly said, “*L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux.*” Dr. Richardson was remembered with affection in our family.

After having received the polish and education of an English gentleman and having incorporated that into the Indian culture, he obtained a sort of management of his father-in-law's estate and carried on his duties with integrity and success. My grand-father had a fairly large family ; never-

theless it was a handsome family. They were all big-boned and broad-shouldered children. At the end of 12 months of conjugality, my grand-mother felt the quickening of life in her, and to her and her husband was born a female child. They called her Soudamini Devi.

The Brahmanas before the time of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata were regenerate men and women. They were of illustrious origin, distinguished for valour and the vigour of intellect. They were respected as Devas and Devis, supermen and superwomen. They had fine digestion and never suffered from the liver. They could think and write freely and take in a sweep the phenomena and noumena of the universe. Their descendants grew squeamish and anæmic and consequently became flaccid and limp in mind and body. Whatever these men have produced since bear the mark of low origin and intellect.

The second child that came into his household was a male offspring—my uncle, Lalit Mohun, a man of considerable talents

and excellent scholarship. He inherited the stern and unbending quality of his father and self-respect of his mother. The third accession to the family is the subject of this biography, Kishori Mohun. In succession, after Kishori Mohun's birth, came two girls into the family, having two years' difference between them, Kadumbini Devi and Shourava Devi. The last is happily alive and lives with her husband Nilamber Mukerjee, C.I.E., and her only son and his children. Three years after the birth of my aunt Shourava, another son was born to my grand-parents. He was named Nanda Mohun. He was a man of parts, and possessed of decent knowledge of Sanskrit and English. After him a girl was ushered into this family. She died in her adolescence. She, a part of Brahma, returned to Him, the Great Energy—the Principle of life in this universe. There is no death in the religion in which she was born, a religion which transcends the theological definition of death as the wages of sin; there is no hereafter, people'd with spirits and hobgoblins,

such as the craven and epileptic minds of the theologians paint for the gratification of their own vanity and in order to the control and governance of men and women in worse condition of mind. Vedantism admits of no anthropomorphic God sitting in splendour in his house with many mansions, undergoing the ordeal of an earthly judge in marshalling facts, weighing evidence and delivering judgment on the poor souls that appear before Him with folded hands or with arms crossed on the shadowy breast ; nor does it know of God, who keeps a boundless, fragrant space, animated and made sweeter still by the presence of charming little female spirits. It knows no God who spits out of his mouth the Brahmanas, flings out of his arms the Kshatriyas, shakes out of his thighs the Vaishyas, and kicks out of his feet the Sudras. God of such small coterie finds no place in the Vedanta. This is the origin of castes—castes which have arrested the growth and expansion of the mind and intellect of the Hindu race. Vedantism is not pantheism in the Greek Meta-

physical terms. It is not that every object in nature is Brahma, but that the Principle of life, the Energy, resides in it, and that in its final dissolution, it is resolved into Energy, the only Reality which has existed, and will exist for all time to come. This doctrine gives the proof of the unity of the universe, and discards death and tears into shreds the pall of fear and superstition, which hangs like a menacing dark cloud over the physical world. Recent researches in Physical Science have demonstrated that the so-called inorganic objects are capable of response to all the emotions of living things, that they are affected by narcotics and drugs, and behave under their influence in the same manner as the human beings do in similar circumstances. Eugenie de Guérin, who was all heart, all spirit and all charm, relates to us in her journal how she practised simple and laborious life. Her secret was to find Poesy in herself and God in all things ; and she found Him.

I have digressed but such thoughts are evoked by the mere mention of the death of

a person of tender age. On the departure of Ram Mohun Roy for England, his eldest son Radha Pershad took his place as the head and brain of the family. Under his régime he gathered up the reins in his hands and drove the car of the family with dignity and honour. He placed his brother's education in the care and charge of Dr. Richardson, the teaching imparted to him proved highly beneficial to Rama Pershad. With his heredity and good and sound education, Rama Pershad attained the highest eminence in his profession of law, and was the first native of India whom the government chose for a seat on the Bench of the High Court of Bengal. He did not live to take his seat on the Bench, but had the recompense in the knowledge that he had opened out a broad avenue of dignity and respect for posterity.

Radha Pershad was devoted to his two grandsons, Lalit Mohun and Kishori Mohun. He considered them as his own sons and watched over their growth like a fond mother. They used to be with him during the wak-



LALIT MOHAN CHATTERJEE.

ing hours of the day, and were in the habit of taking breakfast and luncheon and dinner with him at his table. He bought tiny knives and forks and spoons for his two tiny wards. He kept them always by his side and under his eyes, and impressed upon them the fine, grand manners of the Court of Delhi by his own example. He was a great gentleman himself, having been a minister in the Court of Delhi. When the exigencies of public affairs took him out of the house, the two boys, the apple of his eye, would be left in the charge of an honest and trusty officer of his estate, Brindabun Chandra Ghose. This man was truly Radha Pershad's fidus Achates, a man of the highest veracity and integrity. He built up a little monument in the family hour-life of the Roys; so staunch was his fidelity to the family. Radha Pershad occupied himself with the education of the boys at school. At first they were sent to the Hindu College, and were soon removed from it for its unwholesome atmosphere, and sent to the Parental Academy conducted by a European. The two boys attended this Academy

till the death of their grand-father in 1852. It was the spring-tide of their life. With the subsidence of this great man the high tide of their life subsided ; and the bark of their little lives was very often on the point of being left high and dry ever since. The subsequent history of this family is a narrative of the struggle and triumph of heredity. Scarcely the body of his brother had become cold or was carried to the last resting place, and the ashes were gathered together and consigned to the river Ganges—the noble river on whose banks the great Rishis chanted the Vedas and discovered God in the heart of man—the mighty river whose fame and renown floated on the clouds and was borne by the beneficent wind to ancient Greece and Rome—scarcely had the last rites been performed than the malignant spirit of jealousy and family feud—the bane of the decadent Easterns—caught his brother Rama Pershad in its grip and caused the disruption of the family ; the times were changed ; the Stuarts usurped the throne. Rama Persad installed himself in his brother's house and

turned the little souls from the house which never heard the echoes of their footsteps again and altered the course of the lives of the two infants. He endeavoured not to appear contemptible and mean in the eyes of the world ; he secured for Shamlal an excise Collector's post. At this time he rose to eminence in his profession and conceived the idea of a division of the family estate. He instituted a suit for partition in the supreme Court of Calcutta, making the two infants party defendants. Molière in his biting sarcasm defined a Court of law as "l'Enfer là." It is the Hades on earth which ruthlessly exacts the toll of helpless infants and unprotected widows and beggars the adult. In *Dragon of Wantley* we are in possession of a tragic description of a man threatened with a legal process. He in fear and trembling and in a most pathetic manner exclaims :—

" Oh, give me not up to the law,
 I'd much rather beg on crutches ;
 Once in a solicitor's paw ;
 You never get out of his clutches".

Into the infernal witches' cauldron the two infants were plunged and at the end of a lengthy process of boiling and simmering they came out of it without a substance—a mere bag of bones. A suit for partition of estates is a veritable god-send to the lawyers, but it has the baleful effect of ruining those who are engaged in it. It engulfs in the greatest distress and misery the Hindūs and the Mahommedans whose foolish parents, under the colour of zeal for promoting the happiness of their children, leave what they possess in life to the children jointly and become after death the cause of the dissolution, wretchedness and poverty of the family. It is inconceivable that, in the face of all the ruin, penury, shame and dishonour which befall the members of the joint family in litigation, the owners of the estate would not give away the property to the children in separate portions before their death. It is a species of grave uncharitableness on the part of the parents to sacrifice the happiness of their posterity for mere sentimental respect of the law which has grown outworn and out

of date. I may as well write for and speak to the wall. They are stiff in opinion and impervious to reason, and their untractableness of nature would reject and dismiss any advice which would tend towards the happiness of those for whom they worked and laboured in life and whom they ardently wished to live in comfort and contentment.

At the termination of the suit the family of Chattopadhyaya was placed in mediocre or respectable station of life. It passed with rapidity from financial healthiness to the financial doldrums. To add insult to injury, Rama Persad insinuated that the boys should be sent back to the Hindu College. It is creditable to note that the lads valiantly opposed the irreverent proposal—irreverent because it was their dear grand-father's pious wish that they should pass from the Parental Academy to the Doveton College which was really the best institution in Calcutta in those early days. They stuck to their post, and frustrated their grand-uncle's plan and thereby incurred his strong displeasure. Undismayed and undaunted the two brothers prosecuted their studies

with single-mindedness and zeal and took their place at the top of their respective forms. Lalit Mohun was three years senior to Kisori Mohun in age. After gaining triumphs in that little school Lalit Mohun was passed on to the Doveton College. Two years later Kishori Mohun after achieving his laurels was admitted into the same Institution. Both the brothers learnt English and Latin in the Parental Academy : they were well grounded in both the languages. In those days the teaching and the education imparted to the boys of that school were superior and of much higher standard. The teachers were large-hearted, humane and conscientious. There was no hint of imperialism in that remote age. The high quality and virtue of the Englishman—the sense of duty—animated them in the noblest of all tasks—the teaching of boys of tender years. The good seeds, which were sown with tenderness and human care in the virgin mind of the boys, bore good and abundant harvest in the college, the University and lastly in the ~~work-a-day~~ world. The old French proverb expresses

the idea well :—" Chaque enfant qui on enseigne est un homme qu'on gagne."

CHAPTER II.

" AUDENTIOR ITO "

Virgil.

Doveton College.

It is a good motto to have in life which is subject to many changes and vicissitudes, to pleasant and disagreeable circumstances. I inscribe it at the head of this chapter as it was adopted by him for the governance of his career. He had to proceed more boldly, because he had the anticipation of his grand uncle's opposition to the course he had taken in getting admission to the institution of his own choice. He knew of the mediocrity of his good father's fortune since the death of Radha Persad. It operated as an incentive to noble industry and zeal which he had brought to bear upon his studies. The teachers were excellent men, warmed by genuine love and enthusiasm for the work on

which they were engaged. They loved knowledge for its own sake and seasoned the boys with the same love of knowledge. Kishori Mohun received the early tincture of it, which never faded in his mind. All throughout his life he was a constant reader of the ancient and modern authors of known countries and wrote much for the propagation of his ideas, and for the instruction of the readers, without a touch of sordidness and without pecuniary reward. Since experiencing the buffets of fickle fortune at an early season of life, he chalked out the map of his own life and formed a strong resolution to relieve his parents of the burden of his education. He applied himself resolutely to his studies, and with the encouragement of his school masters, at the end of each academic year, carried off the prizes, medals and scholarships which this institution gave away in its generosity to its successful students. Those were halcyon days. There were great Englishmen, who, softened and mellowed by their culture, came to this land to inspire and saturate the inhabitants.

with the science and literature of their own country. He came under the graceful influence of such Englishmen in this College. They expressed genuine approbation for the culture of the East, and at the same time held aloft their own for the East to admire and accept it. This was an example of high liberality of mind which made much impression on the minds of the Hindu boys of that institution. He read Latin and English with care and attention and held high place in his form. He went up from form to form till he matriculated under the ægis of the University of Calcutta. In the early days of its foundation the University was in the real sense the institution for the Advancement of learning. Be that as it may, he passed the examination with credit to himself and the institution which sent him up. He obtained a scholarship tenable for ~~two~~ years. This afforded him help to continue on without inconveniencing his parents or becoming a burden to them. He entered the portals of the University with distinction. At his success his grand uncle felt a mixture of

admiration and jealousy. Rama Persad had two sons of nearly the same age as Kishori Mohun. They were sent to the Hindu College where they achieved little or no success. He had them removed to the Doveton College. It was a kind of humiliating admission on his part that he had been indiscreet, and showed a pettiness of heart in opposing his grand-nephews' joining the Doveton College. He became genial and manifested a sort of make-believe affection towards Lalit Mohun and Kishori Mohun on their brilliant early achievements. He ardently wished that his own sons would gain distinctions. But it was not to be. One-sided heredity is not sufficiently powerful to refine and elevate a man, unless it be, that nature produces what the biologists call, a sport. There comes a period in a man's life in which he feels a remorse for improper and base actions done by him. Rama Persad, in his plenitude of influence and power with the English officials, palliated the wrong done to his brother's family by getting Lalit Mohun a Deputy Magistracy when he was turned off

18 years. In the undergraduate days Kishori Mohun's prosperity as an academic was steady and uniform. He became creditably proficient in the English and Latin tongues, in so much that a foreigner can master the alien languages. Rama Persad experienced a sense of pride in the accomplishments of Kishori Mohun. The high English officials in the judicial or the executive branch of the service were on friendly relation with him, partly on account of the great name of his father and partly for his own exalted talents. He was hospitable and there used to be frequent dinners given at his house to which he invited the Judges and the Hailebury men and the barristers. In this connection it is interesting to note here what the late Sir Charles Paul, a brilliant advocate of Calcutta Bar, used to relate. He would in his mirthful way say that Rama Persad used to keep a good table laden with the niceties of the kitchen and the cellar, which would have regaled the most fastidious gourmets. Into this company he would occasionally invite his grand-nephews. He used

to entertain the English officials, Armenian notabilities and his Hindu and Mahomedan friends of high stations to afternoon parties, where the celebrated Hossein Khan, the conjuror, would display his astonishing power to the amazement and bewilderment of the audience. His sons and his grand nephews would be enjoying the wonderful tricks of that wonderful man. I am assured that they used to relax themselves on these occasions from their books and preparation for the examination. They cut the painter and were thankful for it. They derived much benefit, social and intellectual, by being in touch with those distinguished persons. Rama Persad, a few years before his death and at a time when he derived a considerable income from his estate, used to say to Kishori Mohun that he would go to England with him, and his youngest son Peary Mohun and leave them there to complete their education. The fates had decreed otherwise : the hand of death had been upon him. He was taken ill, and never recovered from the fatal illness. With him in death died all his hopes.

and aspirations of rendering justice to his brother's family. The melancholy event cast a deeper gloom over this world-weary family. A short time before that my grand-father had breathed his last. My grand-mother struggled up the steep hill of life with a large family of children and grand-children. Lalit Mohun was the only earning member of this family. He was married and had a growing family of his own. Kishori Mohun continued to get his stipend which enabled him to prosecute his studies till he took his degree of Bachelor of Law. After passing his first examination in Arts, that is two years after the matriculation, he came in touch with a remarkable man, Professor McCrindle, a fine Greek and Latin scholar—whose Ancient India, as related by Megasthenes and others, reveals his high learning and erudition. McCrindle had come out to Calcutta as the Principal of the College and taken the lectureship of English and Latin in the B. A. class. It was just in that nick of time that Kishori Mohun was in that class. The principal, soon after his installation,

found out the calibre of his pupils, who attended his lectures. He discovered that Kishori Mohun possessed a good and sound knowledge of the English and Latin languages. With the broad-heartedness and sympathy of a liberal Scotsman, he was at the pains of giving Kishori Mohun of his best. He took him nearly through the whole of the Latin literature, appointed special hours in his own quarters to give him lessons and treated him as a friend and equal. After two years he obtained his degree with credit to himself and the illustrious Principal under whose earnest care and teaching he learned so much. On these special occasions, at the end of the lessons, the good Principal used to put before his mind's eye the benefit and importance of the finishing touch of a Scotch University. Being a Scotsman he admired and loved his own country's Universities. I wonder whether a native of India admires and loves anything of his own country but his ownself. If I understand his ~~mentality~~ and character in some degree, I believe these

two mental qualities are built upon this syllogism.—“ Each man for himself and devil takes the hindmost ”. The advice of his friend and teacher to go to Scotland joined to what his grand-uncle had said on the same subject made a ferment in his young brain. He saw many radiant visions of a glorious future and dreamed dreams, as only a youth of healthiness of mind and body is capable of seeing such rainbow of life. He had made up his mind to grasp the arc of the sky and kept his own counsel. He never breathed a word of his design to a single human soul. He redoubled his energy to pass the Master of Arts examination in Latin. Under the tender care of his great *Guru* he learnt all that could be mastered of the Latin literature for his final degree. He was sent up with the anticipation of a big success, but the plans of men and mice gang agley. His name was not among the successful candidates. This discomfiture caused pain and anguish to him. He worked so well and hard; the teaching was so thorough and devoted. He was animated by the singleness

of purpose of obtaining the triumph in the finality of examinations. He was sad and crest fallen not so much for himself as for the dear old Principal with whose benedictions he had started on this unknown journey to arrive at a haven of peace and triumph. What did the great good Principal feel and how did he take the defeat of his favourite pupil? The Principal was furious with rage and imputed this failure to the examiner's prejudice against the native of India who had the cheek and impudence to throw down the gauntlet in Latin literature. Mr. Ogilvy of the General Assembly's Institution, now named the Scottish Churches College, was one of the examiners in one of the papers, and Dr. McCrindle challenged him to appoint a Committee of examiners to re-examine the papers which had been looked over by Mr. Ogilvy. He made such a pother over it that a compromise was arrived at, in that Kishori Mohun would be permitted to appear again within six months instead of twelve months. The Guru and the ~~disciple~~ rejected the compromise. The matter was

closed. He proceeded with his legal studies, and, at the end of the stipulated time, took his degree of Bachelor of Law. Although he parted from his College and his dear Principal yet he cherished all through life a lively and affectionate remembrance of the man and the institution. The College used to be in Park Street on the site of which stands a huge block of buildings turned into residential flats. After McCrindle had severed his connection with it, the College began slowly to roll down the incline, and now sits in the valley of death. It sank for want of encouragement and support, and succumbed to the inexorable biological law of the struggle for existence. It was one of the few prominent academical land-marks of Calcutta.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARRIAGE AND THE
VOYAGE.

*“ God give us clear notions of the consequences
of things.” Goethe’s Prayer.*

Kishori Mohun was born on the 13th of April in the year Eighteen hundred and forty four of the Christian Era. He was 18 years of age, and was in the second year class after the matriculation. He was putting forth his best efforts to gain a scholarship in the F. A. examination. At such a time of life, the society over-run with ignorance and superstition became exigent in regard to the connubium of my parents. My mother, Yogomaya Devi, was thirteen years of age. Her family name is Mukhopadhaya. The Mukhopadhyas are descended from the illustrious Bharadwaja, a Rishi of great intellectuality and freedom of thought, of courage and character. There is an amusing story extant of this noble Rishi. It is said of him that, at the end of six months of meditation and prayer in a forest,

he felt inclined for food. Finding nothing but a fat and sleek calf in front of him, he killed it, made a big fire, threw the animal into it, broiled it and ate as much of it as his hunger allowed of. The other Rishis hearing of the incident made fun of him, and some even went the length of serious argument as to the propriety of eating beef. Bharadwaja with unimpeachable logic, and relying on the authority of the Vedas, proved that it was quite proper and usual to eat cows' flesh, and that the rishis before them had eaten of it. As the Mukhopadhyas derive their ancestry from Bharadwaja, they belong to the *gotra* of the same name. This tribe of the Brahmanas is to be found throughout the length and breadth of this land. They are as thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. This tribe of one province is cold and indifferent to the same tribe of another province. The shade of Bharadwaja must be disconcerted and unhappy over it. These Mukhopadhyas, I believe, were the pundits of the sacerdotal type. In the priestly blood there had been

a leaven of vedantism, because Yogamaya's great grand mother was the daughter of Ramlochun Roy, the step brother of Ram Mohun Roy. My mother must have been a handsome little girl, for she had a beautiful face, perfectly regular in features with large black eyes, which expressed all her inward feelings. One had only to look at her eyes to know whether she was in a serene, or ruffled temper. She was a woman of immense human heart : her soul's horizon had no natural limit ; it went out to communicate with humanity. She lived for others without neglecting her own family. She was mild and affable, and on occasions would be firm as a rock. Her judgment on men and things was clear and just. She never told a fib,—far less an untruth, and never indulged in gossip or tittle tattle, which is the bane and poison in a woman's character ; and this tendency to gossip becomes more loathsome and degrading, if it shows itself in a man.

A French author very ingeniously asserts that he discovers in man, a savage and a barbarian : the savage is the being consti-



Mrs. K. M. CHATTERJEA

tuted by our passions, it is incorrigible ; but the barbarian is our intellectual being ; there is some thing in it on which we can rely ; it civilises itself slowly but constantly. The presence of his companion, the savage, makes it displeasing. It profoundly hates the savage. and is capable of rising to a great height ; but a savage is incapable of education, and must be kept within bounds. It is disagreeable and sad to declare that man in this land, as in other lands in the East, has more of the savage in him than the barbarian, and man here is verily a woman with inverted sex.

Yogamaya was given away in marriage at an age, when she should be playing and studying and developing her body which, the physiologists avow, attains its maturity between the years of 18 and 21. She was only 13, and Kishori Mohun 18, when their marriage took place. It is a wicked custom that forces children into matrimony. It is still more censurable and reprehensible in those who countenance it. The Shastra-makers and custom-framers put themselves in the same

category with the legendary tribe of Trilobites. The Trilobites had eyes but no sign of coming sight ; and they lived under the surface of the water. It is opined that one of them got the sight and happened to come to the top of the water in the day time when he saw the sun. He came and told the others that in general the world was light and there was one great light that caused it all. They killed him for disturbing the commonwealth. Afterwards another of them got so far advanced, that when he got to the top of the water in the night time, he saw the stars. So he told the others that in general the world was dark but that nevertheless there was a great number of little lights in it. Then they killed him for maintaining false doctrine. In the end there was a dissension among them, and the sightless ones were exterminated. It is sinful and destructive of the growth and comfort of life to impose upon the unearning members of society the burden of matrimony. We meet with the tragedies arising from this insensate custom at each instant of time. It deteriorates

the race and kills its self-respect. National life is extinguished as soon as it loses its self-respect. Race perishes ; it is wiped out of existence : such a people is stricken from the list of nations. They have a tale in Denmark that a hero, Holger Danske, sits sleeping in a cavern in the old castle Kronborg outside Helsingor, his long beard grown fast to the table. And when the Danes get into trouble, Holger Danske wakes from his enchanted slumber and comes back in splendour to conquer the earth. It is insistently said in this country that some such hero like Holger Danske, with the life-giving principle, lies sleeping in some corner of this land and when the society gets into trouble and is faced with starvation, he will awake from his sleep and return in strength and glory to set the social and economic life in a sound and healthy condition. Holger Danske has not come back. He sleeps tranquilly in his bed, and the maimed society bereft of the sinew of the soul still expects his re-appearance. The marriage ceremony was perform-

ed in accordance with the shastric rites : the rites in which the symbol of the Hindu trinity is the all important element. These were contrary to the true Vedic rites which Rammohun Roy tried to revive. Rama Persad had not had the true culture of his father, and relapsed into the decadent shastric rules ; and it was his influence in the family which created a gulf between his father's principle and his poor-spirited descendants. The marriage over, the little girl was brought into her new and strange home amidst all the relatives of her husband. She was happily allowed to learn and read books in her own tongue, the home being above want. There were men servants and maid servants in the household. Their rare fidelity and long service to the family almost read like a fable in the present day. There was one lady servant, Raybati by name, who deserves mention in any account of this family. She came into this family after her widowhood at the age of 12. She was of the same village, Krishnagar. She saw my father born and all his brothers

and sisters after him. She was a woman of excellent and kind disposition. The faithfulness and affection she displayed to the family remain an unforgettable impression in my mind. After 60 years of devoted service she retired in her village, where she had a clean, roomy hut built for herself and her sister's sons who came flocking around her. She died in the bosom of her family three years after her retirement, and left her tiny little fortune to her nephews. She made my wife a present of a gold brooch which my wife and I value so much. Three years after the marriage, I was born into this tempestuous world at a period of life, when my father was an under-graduate, preparing to get his university degree which he obtained three months after my introduction into this world, in which the religion of God—the laws of nature, is in perpetual conflict with the religion of the man-made God. It was Voltaire, who, in truth, said that God made man, but man made God afterwards. The true meaning of this remarkable saying

has not been understood by the theologians who infest this earth. What he meant to express in this aphorism is that God, who made this universe with its inviolable, immutable and inexorable laws, called the laws of nature, which govern and rule every species of life, has been put aside or forgotten, and in His place they have set up a number of anthropomorphic deities, whose imaginary rules and laws, codified by the theologians, have ever been allowed to run counter to the laws of nature, and thereby caused innumerable miseries and woes in this world ; this system has divided the races of mankind into antagonistic groups, and the so-called civilisation based upon such a system is but a sham and a mockery. What Voltaire wished to declare was that the conception of God, as in the Vedanta, is real and true. He is organising Mind. The doctrines of Maya, Vidya and Avidya can be tested in the laboratory of a chemist. Even this purely rational doctrine has been laid hold of by theologians, like Sankaracharya, and metamorphosed into vague and metaphysical

speculations, confusing and confounding mankind. But man here as elsewhere is an affrighted being, and wishes to lead his mind on the glossy line of least resistance. He clutches at a thing ready-made for him and to all appearance seems quite contented. Is he really satisfied at heart? if he were, the air would not have resounded with the tragic hum of mankind.

From the peace, quiet, and silence of the sacred womb of my mother, I was ushered into this great theatre of tragedy. I was well taken care of, although my parents had no independent means.

My father now and again would take me up in his lap and on one occasion when I was lying still in his lap: he was reading with his pundit a book of poems in Sanskrit. He came across a poem famous for its liquid rhythm. It runs thus:—"Nolini dalagata Jalamati taralang etc." he at once fixed upon the name "Nolini" and bestowed it on me. My grand mother took charge of my well-being as she did in regard to my two sisters who came after me. What a

tragedy and humiliation for me and my parents to have been dependent upon some one else for my support and sustenance! The mind of the East—except perhaps that of Japan, has been so bent, turned and twisted by theological cunning and subtleties, that it has reached the stage of complete incapacity of finding any thing of tragic or humiliating nature in this custom of early and improvident marriage. They are unable to comprehend the colossal extent of the ravage it makes into society in its economical and moral aspects. It indubitably brings the race to the verge of poverty, to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and not even with efficiency at that; it deteriorates the physique and stamina of the race—in that it loses its self-respect in the endeavour to pick up any job, howsoever humble. The races, which have up to now survived with dignity, and will persist in the future, are those that have emancipated man and woman who work for, and contribute to the healthiness and prosperity of the races of which they are members. The offspring of

early marriage have never been known to be of adventurous spirit; nor have they had the power of tenacity, or as the expression goes, of sticking it.

There is an expression, commonly used by the English people, "nothing venture nothing have"; its true meaning is that a man must have audacity and great courage if he wishes to achieve a thing of consequence. It acts as an encouragement to the race to become intrepid and to have an abiding faith in themselves. This has been the main spring from the earliest time of England's magnificent success in this world. She deserves it ; for the emancipation of her man and woman has created in their breasts the bull-dog tenacity and the superb quality of patriotism which impels men and women- and even children, to give of their best to maintain the greatness of the country.

As a Deputy Magistrate, my uncle, Lalit Mohun, had to move about from district to district, because according to the rules of Government, an Officer was not kept in a district for more than three years. He was

in the course of his service transferred to various places. My father was welcome in his brother's house, wherever he might have been sent. It was during his official stay at Natore that the two brothers met two Bengali Mahomedan zamindars, Khan Bahadur Mohamed Rasid Khan Chowdhury and Khan Bahadur Ershad Ali Khan Chowdhury. We were delighted to call Rasid Khan familiarly as *Rasid Meah*. His hospitality and liberality were exemplary. There soon sprang up between them a genuine friendship which lasted their days. In our family we have never known what in recent times we hear of as the Hindu-Mohamedan problem. Our family, as will appear from what is stated above, had been associated with the native Government and the people for many generations. We dined with them, and they dined with us; and we looked upon each other as members of the same race and community: only there used to be no inter-marriage. The Native Mohamedans in those days did not look beyond the natural boundaries of

Hindustan. They did not cast their ardent, longing visions of kindredship and political hegemony towards Arabia or Constantinople. They were good practising Mussalmans and withal were good Hindusthanees. They were aware that the nobility and the gentry of their community were the mixed races of the Hindus and the foreign Mohamedans, and that ninety-ninths of the Mussalman population in Hindustan were Hindu converts to Islam. The converts in all countries, as experience teaches us, are more zealous in their new faith than those from whom they adopt the religion. The converts carry their faith to the point of irritation, to fanaticism. In order to illustrate my point, I must in this place relate my experience of an incident, which occurred on an Austrian Lloyd steamer, bound for Trieste. It was in 1908. Among the passengers, bound for Europe, there were three Hindu students from the Punjab, a Parsee student, two Mahomedan gentlemen from Bombay going to perform their Huj, a few Englishmen and women, a Turkish high official from Bagdad, and myself.

The Turkish gentleman, besides his own mother tongue, had a working knowledge of Persian and knew a little Arabic, and spoke the French language with fluency and complete mastery. He was a man of much ability and afterwards turned out to be a fine and agreeable company. He spoke to every body all round, of course in French, but he got no response, as no one among the passengers understood or spoke the language of Victor Hugo. He came up to me last to try his luck with me. I could articulate an answer to him, and we became good friends. On parting, he generously extended to me an invitation to stay in his palace on the Bosphorus and handed to me his card with the address. I still have it. One afternoon he went the round of the long, spacious deck of the fine steamer and discovered the two Mahomedan gentlemen on their chairs reading with deep attention. He at first spoke to them in French ; then he tried Persian and at last addressed them in his limping Arabic. He received no answer, and took from their hands the books over which

they pored,—of course he took them with the politeness and courtesy of a high born gentleman. He could make out a few words in them and returned the books with perfect grace. I was standing near by. He came straight up to me and enquired of me as to who they were. I gratified his curiosity. He informed me in his gay and sarcastic tone that they were very ignorant personages; but wished to give them the benefit of the doubt by investigating more thoroughly the depth of their knowledge, and asked me if I would act as his interpreter. I politely declined the task, but I got one of the Hindu students, who spoke Persian well, to assist him in his search. He had an hour's conversation with the gentlemen on their way to Mecca. He came to me with a look of amazement and disappointment, engraven on his handsome face, and reported to me that his co-religionists must have been the descendants of Hindu converts to Islam, as their knowledge was entirely confined and limited to the letter of the Koran, which they read night and day in Urdu

translation, and that the converts to all religions display more zeal and bigotry than their originals—their parent stock. He despaired of the progress of India in its different phases. There is too much religion or show of religion in India. One does not discover much common sense or rationalism in the people. After taking his degree of Bachelor of Laws, Kishorimohun was enrolled as a vakeel or pleader in the Sudder Dewany Adalat or the Appellate Court. The English had preserved the native name of the final court of appeal. There had also been established the Supreme court in which only the English lawyers, that is the Barristers, could appear to plead. The lawyers manufactured in India had not the privilege of an audience, nor can they appear on this side of the court even now. It is an anomaly, meaningless as it is, still existing in its pristine force. The lawyers, who are pressed out of the heavy machine of the University with Coke on Littleton and Blackstone's Commentary peeping out of their attenuated arms, keep

behind the lawyers who come out of the lighter machinery of Great Britain and Ireland. It is said that Rome moves slowly, but her slow pace of reforms is considered high speed in comparison with the forward movement in the legal system of this country, especially in Calcutta. In the profession of the law, it is well to know and realise, that one has to serve his apprenticeship with devotion and patience for a few years before the glimmering of success lightens up his waiting heart. Lord Russell of Killowen once said with much truth that a candidate for success at the Bar must have the ability to wait. To this piece of cogent advice I must add the ability to learn by heart, or to have at one's fingers' ends, the cases which have found their way into the law reports. The god of the English legal system is the precedent and in its holy name all reforms are burked. It is sometimes said half in joke and half in seriousness, that, in order to succeed at the Bar, one must have friends or make friends or marry the eldest ugly daughter of

a solicitor. Kishorimohun put in twelve months of apprenticeship in the courts, but he had set his heart upon perfecting the knowledge acquired in Calcutta at its fountain head. During the undergraduate days he had assiduously taken lessons in Sanskrit and gained a tolerable facility in that full and rich ancient tongue of the Rishis. With his intellectual equipment, and the assistance of a friend of the family, he took leave of his family and set sail for England of which he had heard so much from his grand-uncle and the Principal.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT
OF EUROPE.

“ L’univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n’a lu que la première page quand on n’a vue que son pays. J’en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j’ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m’a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinances des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j’ai vécu, m’ont reconcilié avec elle.”

Le Cosmopolite.

A person who is possessed of healthy and natural mind, or is not ill-natured, is sure to feel a strong attraction for the land which has given him birth, and the tradition in which he is born and nurtured. He is certain to be moved by the well-conditioned and graceful impulses of nature to act with love and justice towards those fellow countrymen who hold the lower stations in life. It is a fact that a nation or a race is moved forward by its strongest and finest minds ; and, in proportion to their superiority, their

responsibility becomes heavy to lift those who live submerged beneath ignorance and superstition.

A great man can hardly rise in a country in which the average citizens are in the mean stage of culture and civilization. The poor and the unlettered are possessed of sound natural qualities of the heart ; they are sensible of kindness and sympathy ; they submit sooner to their impressions than to reason ; it is not enough to show them the truth ; the principal point is to deeply interest them in the truth, to seize their imagination and move them. Four days after the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon, hearing the shout of the populace calling upon him to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and proclaim himself Dictator, exclaimed bitterly, " Poor people ! They alone stand by me in the hour of my misfortune, yet I have not loaded them with riches or honours. I leave them poor, as I found them." The gratitude and affection of the poor for those who can move them and enter into the fibre of their being, are as steady and beautiful as the milky way

in the heavens. The poor and the submerged can make out a larger claim upon the good will of their countrymen who have travelled abroad than upon those that remain half submerged within the confines of the country.

Kishorimohun on his return from abroad wrote much for the advancement of the people. He had not the transcendent quality of Mohammad or Napoleon ; such mighty figures appear on rare occasions in the world ; he could achieve but little, but he did not spare himself. He laboured and worked during illness, even when he was put upon a regimen of "puffed" rice, milk and soda water. He left for England in March 1869 and arrived in the mild season of the year. He wished to compete for the Indian Civil service, but it was found that he was slightly above age. He turned his attention to the English Bar and was duly entered as a student at the Middle Temple, one of the Inns of Court with a glorious tradition behind it, the cloister-like appearance and the still life of the place in the midst of the roaring busy

life outside its precincts, throw one's mind far back into the hoary centuries which saw its birth and growth and development. In each term the students have to eat six dinners in that magnificent hall of which the walls are pannelled with the wood taken out of the famous Spanish Armada. At the back of the hall, on the wall above the dias on which the Benchers sit and dine during the terms is hung the celebrated portrait of Charles I sitting on a white charger. It is so finely painted, so realistic to look at, that one imagines for the moment that the figure is stepping out of the canvas. Aloft, over the entrance there is a comfortable gallery set apart for the ladies. On special occasions the ladies had permission to come in and stay in the gallery to witness the dramatic performances used to be held in the hall. It does one's heart good, it refines the mind, to live in this superior environment. It is a seat of culture and refinement if one only knows how to use it. It is frequented by men of culture and elevated character, of

learning and erudition, of practical knowledge and experience, as also by men of dead, dull mediocrity, and hungry money grubbers and men who wish to make a few shillings by the game of chance. Kishori Mohun took advantage of the best the dear old Temple could give. He made friends with a few students from the Universities of Cambridge and London and Aberdeen. They were men of talents and good breeding. He also met George Jacob Holyoake who was very friendly to him. George Jacob Holyoake, than whom there has not been a kinder and truer friend. I owe much to him as my father did before me. He wrote much and often in Holyoake's paper called the *Reasoner*. At this time Keshab Chundra Sen had been on a visit to England and preached from the Christian pulpits and nearly identified himself with the Christian Church. Kishori Mohun wrote an article in the *Reasoner* against the hollowness of Keshub Chunder's pretention and his back sliding from the great religion which Ram Mohun Roy revived, and

whose armour he wore. He and I saw many phases of English life and its activities through Holyoake's good services. Very few foreigners can boast of this. He made a life long friendship with Hugh Wilkinson, a high minded, much travelled Englishman. There was another friend of his Algernon M. Hart, a man of fine character and practical turn of mind, whom I knew intimately. These young men from the Universities, of whom two were Irishmen, Dr. Norman Moore and Mr. Fitzgerald, Wilkinson and Hart W. A. Hunter and a few others, with Surendra Nath Bannerjee, Lal Mohun Ghose and Woomesh Chunder Mazumdar and my father, formed a debating society and called it *The Laconics*. By the rules of the club, the members had to discuss the subjects in a few words within the small compass of a few minutes. It was a discipline imposed upon the common tendency to run into exuberent verbiage in speech. It had a beneficial effect on my father. He was not long-winded ; what he wanted to say he could express it in a few sentences. He could do that in writing as we shall see

later on. Of all his compatriots he was much attracted and attached to Mazumdar for his fine scholarship and unswerving determination. Mazumdar was a native of East Bengal; the stout qualities of that race achieved full growth and richness in him. He was called to the English Bar, and settled down in London to practise his profession. By dint of character and perseverance he built up a lucrative practice in the Surrey Sessions. It is a fine example of self-reliance in a native of India. He attained in his profession such eminence as to have attracted the notice of Sir George Jessel, Lord Hatherley and Sir Roundel Palmer afterwards Lord Selborne. Kishori Mohun was much liked by Mazumdar for his talents and acquisitions. The friendship which sprang up between them is of astonishing nature. They were like two good brothers. With the friendship of a man of such attainments it was given to him to move in the high legal circle and society of which they were eminent members. The cards of invitation to the parties and dinners, of which

I am in possession, show the esteem in which those distinguished men held Mazumdar. He lived in Mazumdar's house and used to accompany him in his professional engagements. He sedulously attended the Surrey Sessions in sitting, and derived much experience of the conduct of the cases in the courts of law. They both used to go out riding in Rotten Row in the Hyde Park. After my father's call to the Bar, Mazumdar used to take him as his junior, occasionally leaving it to him the conduct of his own cases. This gave him much courage and confidence in himself. He got out of what they call the stage fright. It is of much consequence to a man who has to earn his livelihood by his profession. By dint of his own abilities and the support of his friend he began to make progress in the career of an advocate. On a few occasions he and Mazumdar held briefs against an able lawyer, then in practice at the Surrey Sessions, Douglas Straight, afterwards a Judge of the High Court at Allahabad, who retired from the Bench with a Knighthood. At one time

he had intended to bring over to London his wife and children ; such was his rise in the profession. But the sudden death of his dear friend plunged him into deep melancholy and sorrow. He then remembered his lonely wife, struggling with three children in the distant home at Calcutta ; and the dream which he had finely spun vanished at the touch of the reality of life. Mazumdar met with a tragic death. On a fine morning while riding in the Hyde Park with his faithful companion, his horse, full of mettle and spirit, stumbled and Mazumdar was thrown off his seat and fell with great force on the ground. He injured his brain and lost consciousness, never to regain it. His friend took him to the nearest hospital where he died. It was a terrible shock to Kishori Mohun. It took him many months to recover from it. After the last kindly offices were performed, he went to the continent, first visiting Paris ; in that beautiful city he stayed for some months to thoroughly master the tongue of Bossuet and Voltaire. He had a big bump for languages. When he

found out that he had the French language under control, he moved on to Italy visiting all the notable places in that land of sunshine, where it is always afternoon. There, in their own home, he studied Dante and Machiavelli. It is curious that he did not visit Germany, the country of his friend Theodore Goldstücker, a great sankritist, and Professor of Sanskrit in the University of London. My father often told me that Goldstücker had a more intimate knowledge and a deeper appreciation of Sanskrit philosophy and literature than many another man who had made noise in the world by deft manœuvre of mediocre public opinion. Every thing passes for a great and big event, provided, the press is on its side and a boom is given to it. In order to secure the approbation of the press, which means fame and renown, one has to follow the advice of a Christian minister, that when there was a difficulty, "you had better give a dinner" or to offer to stand god father to the next child of the press man. He returned to England at the end of his tour on the continent.

*"And as a hare whom hounds and horns
pursue
Pants to the place whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past
Here to return—and die at home at last"*

After a short stay he packed up his things and wended his way homeward with a heavy heart. Persons, who are not hypocritical by nature, will have to admit and acknowledge and give palm to the superb masculine civilisation of the West, and in the deep recesses of their heart they involuntarily feel the pang of separation from the western world. They learn in the West the elementary, natural rights of man. Man is born free, the West says, and he preserves his sovereignty as his breath of life. In the East man is in chains from the very birth. He is born with the shackles of touchability and untouchability. He is born dumb and

hidden like oysters in their shells and remains in that carapace till he is burnt or buried. The difference between the free man and woman of the West and the slave man and woman of the East causes a bitter agitation and displeasure in their minds ; and not being heroes and having been born of slave parents, they feel sad and morose at the prospect of returning to the native land. They, the offspring of faint-hearted parents, are never blessed with prophetic vision, inspiration and courage to change all this. Heredity tells in the long run.

His arrival at Calcutta caused a flutter in our family. I was old enough then to remember that. There was a look of anxiety in every one's face. Each member seemed to interrogate the other in dumb show as to whether he would take to the family with its placid, prison life or he would drift in the stream of unknown foreign, social life and its environment. My poor dear mother was agitated and shaken to her inmost being with anxiety and fear, and in that dubious, twilight condition of mind—oscillating be-

tween hope and fear, she hugged me to her bosom, like a hen that flies to protect under her wings the chickens from the talons of a hawk or other birds of prey. From a few days before his arrival the women folk of the family gathered together in our house and discussed with grotesque fancy the attitude of a westernised man towards his wife and children and the society in general; this worked upon my mother's nerves, and on the evening of his arrival she broke down completely. I saw this in her beautiful and kind face when she clasped me in her protecting arms. All the dark and alarming stories, emanating from the heated imagination of the ladies, proved utterly false. In consonance to the biological laws, the offspring derive the faculty of imagination from their mothers; that is why the East is full and redolent of imagination. The East imagines; it does not reason; that is why it shuts up women from the gaze of men and keeps them from knowledge, and divides men into innumerable castes and sub-castes of touchables and untouchables. The

East has also said that man is born a eunuch, man makes himself a eunuch, but it is not given to all ; it shows the strength of the morbid imagination exciting the fear of evils that may arise from the association and union with women. The result arising out of this peculiarity of mind has been the birth of monks and nuns and celibate sufis, and Mohatmas and Paramhansas. If a little rational thought were bestowed on this and other similar questions, and the same were considered from the light derived from the laws of nature, then the solution of these problems would have been ready to hand. But the East will not exercise its reason. It revels in enigmas and loves to meditate and to create an atmosphere for easy indulgence in mysticism and mystery. The East has turned itself into a colossal museum of biological specimens.

Kishori Mohun Chatterjea was enrolled as an advocate in the High Court of Judicature in the Fort William in Bengal, seven and half years after his enrollment as a Vakeel. He was abroad for a period of six

and half years. He tried his luck in Calcutta relying upon the friends of the family, some of whom were in the law. In India the word 'friend' is a misnomer; it is abused and misused. The word connotes virile quality. It signifies that the persons should possess firm, steady character and less imagination and must be honest in their conduct towards each other. It connotes less selfishness and egotism in the individuals. In short it is the gracefulness of character which makes and cements friendship. His friends visited him out of curiosity and applauded him for his fine scholarship and mastery of the principles of law. They dined with him and admired his witticism and vivacious conversation. They invited him to dinner in the hotels and praised his social qualities and all that sort of thing. But they did nothing to lend him a hand in the infancy of his career. His own countrymen and contemporaries in England were at the Bar before him. He met them and was received with cold humour. One of them was mali-

gnantly hostile towards him. This gentleman of the long robes had met Chatterjea in London. He had been called to the Bar on the occasion of this meeting. He committed a solecism in his speech. Chatterjea pointed out the mistake, saying that a Barrister should not fall into such obvious error in grammar. This enraged the gentleman and, within a week of this incident, he joined the University of Cambridge and in due course took his law degree. He never forgave my father for what he considered a humiliation and a base insult. This gentleman oppressed me when I joined the Bar. But I think a little discipline and work in the University did some good to his brain. He should have been thankful to the man who was instrumental in obtaining the university education for him and getting a tag to stick at the end of his name. The tag is a powerful lever in this country. It is as effective as the one that Archimedes invented: Archimedes could not lift the earth for want of a fulcrum. The tag finds the fulcrum every where, in all the

directions of the compass. Chatterjea made a fair start in spite of the indifference of the persons upon whom he unwisely depended. They say that jealousy is a feminine vice ; in that event, the Indian men are all womanly in nature. He left Calcutta for Allahabad in search of fresh fields and pastures new, a victim of this vicious disposition in others. There was something in his constitution which rebelled against the *vulgarité gouailleuse* of the lawyers as a class. At Allahabad he was a new and fresh recruit. He found a friend in that part of the country in the son of the good man who helped him to realise his dream of going to England. He could make friends among some of the judges who were cultivated men : one or two of them were fine scholars and they soon began to like him for his scholarship and accomplishments. The French say, and it is very true, “*qui se ressemble s’assemble.*” The illustration of this saying was observable in the friendly relation which subsisted between him and the judges. He prospered in his new home and kept an

open house like his ancestors. The Bengali Vakils, who affected orthodoxy, but burnt with the desire of eating forbidden food on the sly, found in him a real god-send. They learnt at his table the handling and use of the knives and forks and became quite adept in it. They disdained the proverb-fingers before forks. He had taken a house in the English quarter of the city. It was in Elgin Road. When these gentlemen returned from Chatterjea's dinner to their own home, they used to put on the garb and the mentality of the orthodox Hindu. Like Janus they looked in different directions and spoke with two voices. This procedure has the effect of destroying the virtue of the mind, which alone can preserve the character of the race. It is the lack of character and moral pussillanimity, which has made the East subservient to the West. The West in most things dare and do ; that is the characteristic power of the dominant race. He was liked by the people who came in touch with him. His house became the meeting place of the diverse elements of the Indian population.

He met Syed Mahmood, than whom no greater jurist had ever sat on the bench. Mahmood, his brother Hamid and he created an intellectual atmosphere at Allahabad and drew into his house the new middle class—*Der intelligenz*, as the Germans say. He occasionally contributed articles to a journal called *The Tribune*. He wrote a learned satirical essay on the origin of the word *Babu* which the *Tribune* published. Chatterjea was in grain an aristocrat, and the helter-skelter manner in which that respectable word had been employed and bandied about made him irate. He showed in that article that the word 'Babu' did not connote a clerk or a writer, but it always had been employed to denote the zemindar or the scion of a noble family. In his subsequent writings he alluded to it. At the time when Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee took to political life and gave his message to his countrymen by establishing a political association, and named it "The Indian Association," the country had been preparing for high Western Education. Mr. Banerjee had set up one at

Calcutta, and his next move was to start a branch of it at Allahabad. He held a meeting over which Chatterjea presided, and a branch became an accomplished fact. In political ideas he was an aristocrat and a conservative, but he believed in the equality of Englishmen and Indians of high birth and attainments. Heredity and Eugeniks coloured his views in regard to racial development and efficiency. He read largely of the Code of Manu. In many respects, especially regarding the selection of men and women to be united in marriage, the famous Code is quite modern. Nearly a whole chapter is devoted to marriage and the choice of persons of both sex in this important social event, with the keen eye of a modern scientist. The injunction of the Code is imperative wherein it calls upon the people not merely to investigate the physical, mental and moral characteristics of the parties themselves but also to go back into the history of their ancestors to the seventh degree. This was written for a virile race for the continuance of its species. It has fallen flat upon the decadent

and degenerate people. There is a low type of fish called *agnatha* ; it is without jaws ; it becomes adapted with difficulty to resist dangers and to ever-changing environment. This species is becoming extinct. Alfred Russell Wallace, one of the greatest and sweetest of men, tells us that "dominant species has become so because it is sufficiently adapted to its whole environment, that the species has a surplus of adaptability which allows it to keep up its immense population in the midst of countless competitors and enemies." Again he tells us that "nature selects, not by special characters or faculties but by that combination of characters which gives the greatest chance of survival in the complex, fluctuating environment in which each creature lives." All through his writings, given in the subsequent chapters, one may well discern the aristocrat—the Brahmin of the Aryan type. Mr. Justice Turner, afterwards Sir Charles Turner, was exceedingly friendly to him. Under his ægis, he could make a few thousand rupees in a year, as an examiner for the pleadership and the muktearship examinations and one or two

other little legal jobs, besides his growing practice. Within a year or two of his career in the High Court of Allahabad, Douglas Straight, the old opponent and acquaintance of the Surrey Sessions, came out as a judge of this Court. Both were pleased to meet each other. The friendliness shown by Sir Douglas was much appreciated by Chatterjee. He used to say that, after the conquest of Greece by the Romans, the Greeks had been advised to secure Roman patrons with whose assistance they had prospered. It is a universal experience ; but the practice carries in it good and evil. Chatterjee had figured in a few *causes célèbres* which established his reputation as a lawyer. During the stay in the province, his professional calls took him into all districts and gained for him invaluable experience of judicial and executive administration of the country and the idiosyncracies of the great Civil Service ; and he saw the seamy side of human nature. The experience he thus gained forced him in later years of his life to take refuge in, and derive consolation from, a deeper

study of Kapila and Patanjali. The visitors from Calcutta whom he used to entertain lavishly advised and almost importuned him to return to the Bar at Calcutta and promised him, as only the Indians can do, in beautiful words and phrases, their unstinted support. He, in an unfortunate moment, without much deliberation and careful thought, made up his mind, and rose to the gilded bait, to leave the lucrative practice and the friendship he formed, in search of a fortune concealed deep down in the mystery of the future. Sir Douglas Straight wrote him a kind letter of regret at his departure from Allahabad, as did all the other good and true men with whom he had come in close contact either socially or in the profession. Before he left for good, he had the gratification of requiting the beneficence of the old friend who had helped him to complete his education in England

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO CACUTTA.

"To leave a thing one loves, one feels as if one has stepped from the land east of the Sun and west of the Moon".—

Scandinavian Proverb.

Such must have been his feelings on leaving the arena of professional and social successes. The roseate hue of the future—a creation of the iridescent fancy of the Bengal friends, lured him into the serious false step that he took. He could not recall it. The Greeks have a saying, "to recall the past is beyond the power even of the Omnipotence." It is a malicious fate that overtook him and clutched at him as if it were in a vice. He returned with his wife and four children. A boy had been born to them during his sojourn at Allahabad. My brother Rohini Mohun is the youngest and the most beloved of the family. He is a fine, honourable young man. There he had two very comfortable establishments,

one he kept for his European friends and others, and the second one was for his wife and children where he used to pass his nights. My mother would not come out among his English friends, she not knowing the language well ; this fact impelled him to have recourse to two establishments.

In Calcutta he got into a smaller and less comfortable home. He realised his mistake and could not withdraw from it. The insistent whilom friends began to give the cold shoulder and disperse. It made him bitter against them, he would not give up the fight. He would not go back to Allahabad for a mere sentiment—the *amour propre*. *Amour propre* is a good feeling to have when it is in its proper place, when one is not bent under the burden of a growing family clamouring for education and other necessary things befitting the station of life of the wage-earner ; it is a stout moral quality to possess when one is above want and free of the weight of a family. He struggled on in spite of the sons of Zeruiah who were too hard for him. He took a Professorship of law in the Metro-

politan College, started by the distinguished Bengali, Iswar Chunder Vidyasagar, and a law-reportership in the High Court and used to pick up a few briefs to supplement his income. His heart was not in the profession, as he noted the base tricks and sharp practices resorted to by the lawyers. The Germans have it :—" Money lost is little lost." Honour lost is much lost, Heart lost all lost." He lost heart and failed. In the High Court and other Courts subordinate to it, they have altars reared up for Baalim. The King of the Chaldees, who slew their young men with the sword in the house of their sanctuary, and had no compassion upon young men or maidens, old men or infants, or him who stooped for age, could not have been a worse tyrant than the law and its practice. The Original side of the High Court has been the swallower of the fortunes of the people of Calcutta, and is disrupting the joint families : it has turned them into such a litigious rabble that they give away their all into the hands of the lawyer. On this side the Barrister's practice runs on greasy wheels. A

man with squeamish sentiments, which, in this instance, amount to a high moral sentiment, should not go into the profession of law. The law feeds upon the moral carrion of the race. And what a race it is, whose every other member is a litigant *à outrance*. All these facts and spectacles turned him from the profession, and he wished to sit upon a professorial chair of peace and culture. After sometime the syndicate and the senate of the University of Calcutta, his *alma mater*, appointed him a Tagore lecturer for one year. The subject of his lecture was the Transfer of Immovable property *inter vivos*. It is a good piece of work. It discloses great learning and the mind of a jurist. It was about this time that Lord Ripon was sent out to India as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He succeeded Lord Lytton, a man of fine culture and of imperial bent of mind. Lord Ripon was of deep religious temperament and character. His imperialism was softened by the benevolence which springs from religious nature. Lytton by his policy of imperialism got his government into the Afghan im-

broglie. His policy gave birth and life to what was known as the Scientific Frontier. The Russian imperialism, backed by the ambitious, selfish and sony-hearted military Gog and Magog, was a constant menace to India. These blustering blood-suckers of the Russian poor people had perennially treated them as pawns in the game and kept them submerged in the pestiferous marshes of illiteracy and impecuniosity : but the whirligig of time with its retributive justice has engulfed them in utter ruin and destruction ; and the poor, it is believed, are stepping on the threshold to catch a glimpse of the sun that quickens life. The scientific frontier was a necessity. No statesman with any degree of foresight could remain supine in the face of the threat ; —it might have been a bluff—without making a complete preparation for any eventuality against the country. It had perhaps cost the country in million sterling pounds. It is far nobler for the country to make the sacrifice in order to be before hand with the enemy than to loll about in bed, and lull itself to

sleep or throw up the sponge and let the enemy walk in with easy grace and put his heels upon the neck of the country. The oriental statesmanship would have done all this, but it would have of surety courted slavery and extinction. The Englishmen with the grit and character that distinguish them could not have adopted any other policy. The policy which dictates the husbanding of a few million rupees in order that the country may eat and reproduce its species with a little more ease, and live in fancied security from foreign invasion, would be the method of government and the art of statesmanship suitable to the Iroquois or the demoralised Asiatics. The seemingly trite Roman saying, "*si vis pacem, para bellum*," is based upon the biological law governing the dominant race. The servient race has no appreciation for it. It rests contented and happy, if it be only allowed to follow the two paramount instincts, self-preservation and the reproduction of the species.

There was a tremendous agitation against this extravagant waste of money. During

his regime, Lord Lytton passed the vernacular Press Act by which he put a restraint upon the irresponsible writings in the vernacular papers. This caused an irritation to the articulate body of the Indian public, who set up a continuous agitation in the country. The wave of these public excitements broke upon the shores of England. The Liberal Party exploited this feeling of commotion to their advantage, and turned out the Conservative administration and installed themselves in its place. Mr. Gladstone came into power on the crest of the wave of the General election with his policy of peace and retrenchment. The Marquis of Ripon, the representative of the Liberal Party, brought this message to the articulate portion of the Indian population who had then been methodically taught in the universities every bit of the English constitutional shibboleth. Lord Ripon brought with him something more than this mere political message. He carried with him a virtue which was peculiar to the man himself,—the great moral quality of righteousness that exalteth a nation. On

assuming the high office, he surveyed and scanned every department of the Administration, foreign as well as internal. He humanised the foreign office, smoothed the Afghan problem by placing the two governments on friendly footing, saved the poverty-stricken agriculturalists from the devouring maw of their own countrymen--the landlords, and the irritating demands of the State, as landlord. These poor people, who feed the lawyer class, the landlords and the State, gained a little respite and self-respect under the tenancy laws, revised by his administration.

He looked carefully into the educational questions to obtain a complete information ; and, for future legislation on the subject, he appointed a commission to give its finding, and report on the whole question. Another matter of some importance came under his review. The question of the status of the natives of India in the Civil Service was found by his government worthy of legislative revision. At that time there were a few natives of India who had passed in the competitive examination in London and

were in the service of the government of this country. Their position was anomalous. In the terms of the Criminal Procedure Code which was enacted long years before any native of India had gone to England for the Civil Service, no native of India could try for any criminal offence any European British subject outside the jurisdiction of the Presidency towns such as Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. In the year in which this Act was passed into law, the legislature could not foresee the eventuality of a native of India being in the Civil Service and failed to make any provision for or against this contingency. The Indian Civil Service men are, in all but this, governed by the rules and regulation in respect of their covenant which apply to their English colleagues, and they are their equals. Their self-respect was hurt and they made a grievance of the clause in the Code of Criminal Procedure. The government of Lord Ripon wished to remedy this, and, by an amendment of this Act, made up its mind to remove this disability and thereby place the whole service upon an

uniform basis. Mr. Ilbert, now Sir Courtney Ilbert, was the legal member. He introduced the Criminal Procedure Code Amendment Bill. It was made the basis of a long, violent and recriminative agitation in the country. It was during this reforming time that Chatterjea returned to settle in Calcutta. He took an intellectual interest in all these matters. In the discussion of all these questions, he threw himself on the side of the self-respect of his own people. He wrote articles on several subjects. The *Indian Mirror*, the *Hindu Patriot*, the *Rais and Rayyat* and the *Echo* were the papers in which he contributed his articles. He wrote an able and dispassionate pamphlet called the Amendment of the Code of Criminal Procedure Act—An Historical Sketch. Mr. Ameer Ali, now Right Honourable Ameer Ali, suggested the idea to him, to write a complete history on this subject and gave him encouragement to publish this pamphlet. They were good friends. The Proprietor of *The Echo*, Soshi Bhusan Mookerjee, was an enterprising and courageous Bengali

gentleman. In those days all the journals were highly priced. Soshi Bhusan conceived the idea of starting a cheap, popular, weekly journal. He took the courage in both hands and launched into this dubious venture. He turned it into a success with the literary support of Chatterjea and his clever nephew Romani Mohun, the second son of his brother, Lalit Mohun. Romani Mohun died prematurely ; at the time of his death, he was the Vice-chairman of the Corporation of Calcutta. His was a remarkably strenuous life ; but he lived through it all without " turning his hair." The printer of *the Echo*, Takur Das Kerr, became the proprietor of the well known book-sellers and publishers of this city, Messrs. Cambray & Co. He caught the spirit of enterprise from his friend and master Soshi Bhusan. The reading public in this country is small. In general the people do not read anything, nor do they care to acquire knowledge. The reading public consists of the lawyers and the clerks. The lawyer's soul is engrossed in making money, and it occasionally

dips into cheap politics. Beyond that nothing interests them. The other aspects of life more important than politics,—the things that matter and are of value and which are absolutely necessary to ponder over for the formation of a consolidated people, do not appeal to this class. They wish to glide on casters in a straight line. The clerks,—the poor, pigeon-souled men, lacking in education and bent low under the crushing load of social customs, eke out the animal existence without the hope of redemption in this world, either for themselves or the progeny they leave behind. The illustrious French administrator and savant, Turgot, said that the earth is for the living, and not for the dead. If this class of the population thought more of this world and viewed life in all its bearings, they would get more to eat and drink, and enjoy the varying beauties of nature on the hills, the sea and the plains. After a few short years of brilliant career, the proprietor had to wind up the concern. Art, literature and science had no votaries in those days ; even in these days of quick and sudden

transformations, their number is meagre ; these refinements of culture were suppressed by the cheap jack politicians, in the same way as Aurungzeb put down Music. It is related of that great monarch, that on reading the Koran, he took the view that music had been forbidden by the tenets of that noble book. He at once came to a quick decision and promulgated it by a proclamation throughout his empire that none should cultivate music. It created a consternation among the musicians of the empire. They all met in a conclave and decided that they should stand in a line on two sides of the road, carrying a coffin on the day when the monarch would attend the mosque for prayer. Aurungzeb on his way to the Musjid saw a concourse of people lamenting on either side of the road ; he enquired of his minister about this crowd and the contents of the coffin which they were carrying on the shoulders. On being told that they were the starving musicians of the empire, and the coffin enclosed the music, he wittily retorted that they should bury her well and pray for

her soul. Soon after the death of *the Echo*, he obtained a judgeship in the Calcutta Court of Small Causes. In his days the court consisted of four judges and a Registrar. He was appointed fourth judge. Even here the malicious fortune dogged his footsteps. According to the routine of the service, he rose to the third judgeship and should have risen to be the chief judge ; but the unwritten law of the Bengal Government with the weighty support of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, altered the regular course of procedure when a vacancy occurred. Instead of his getting the promotion, a stranger was brought in to the court over his head. It occurred twice in the course of his service and disheartened him. He had the intention to send his eldest son to Oxford, but he failed to realise his wishes owing to the two repeated rebuffs he had met with. He stinted himself in order to give his two sons good English education. His eldest son was sent for the English Bar and his youngest son was sent to Bedford Grammar school ; he sent his second daughter to Europe for her education, after

his eldest daughter had been married to Rishibar Mukerji, then Chief Judge of Kashmir.

During his eldest son's stay as a student in England, he once took a trip to England. He and his friend Woomesh Chunder Bonnerjee, one of the most distinguished advocates in India, travelled together. He stayed in his friend's house at Croydon, where he was generously treated. He met all his old friends and was entertained by them with much friendliness and liberality. Chatterjee had a letter from Babu Jogendra Chunder Ghose of Khidderpur introducing him to Mr. Congreve and Mr. Sullman, both eminent members of the Church of Humanity. Monsieur Auguste Comte founded it. I do not believe that he ever contemplated that there should occur a schism in this Church. But there has been a division even in the Positivist Church. Human mind has never been able to act in concert in the matter of faith or belief; all beliefs and faiths of human origin have blown into passions and dissensions men and women who submitted to the juris-

diction in their first beginnings, and in the end divided their professors into several denominations and sects and sub-sects. Comte's Church of Humanity did not escape this defect of human faith. Mr. Frederick Harrison, the philosopher, has his Church in Fetter Lane, off Fleet Street, where he delivers fine sermons ; in Red Lion Street, off Holborn, Mr. Congreve used to enlighten his congregation on the beauties of Positivism. My father and I with Mr. Sullman and his intellectual daughter paid a visit to this place on a Sunday. On that occasion Mr. Cotton, afterwards Sir Henry Cotton, was the informal priest delivering a sermon on humanity. It struck us all as odd that he should introduce politics and imperialism into his sermon and separate European humanity from Asiatic humanity. We had to dine with our hospitable friends, the Sullmans, in their house at Finchley. During the repast Mr. Sullman spoke with mingled feelings of grief and disappointment at Mr. Cotton's inept speech. He very nearly

apologised to us for the indiscretion of an Indian ruler. My father and I had the privilege of attending a ladies' soir  e at Chenies Street Chambers near Gower Street. The Chenies Street Chambers in those days were a splendid institution. The Chambers were occupied by the ladies with profession.. It was a rendezvous of cultivated, and cultured ladies. Miss Emilie Holybake, now Mrs. Marsh, the kind and cultivated daughter of George Jacob Holyoake, sent over to us two cards of invitation which enabled us to take part in this unique ceremony. There was a galaxy of intellectual men and women. The conversations and discussions embraced lofty subjects of human interest, and one noticed the glint of intellectuality in every eye. Feminine mind was pitted against masculine mind. It was a demonstration of complete harmony and equality of both. The East is deprived of this intellectual intercourse between men and women and has crippled itself. • The East has not felt the joy and exaltation which is derived from

intellectual and social commingling of men and women who compose humanity. It has its own idols. Ephraim is joined to his idols and has been severely left alone. The senate understands it, the consul sees it, yet this mischief remains.

He went over to Ireland to visit the country for the first time. He took me with him and visited many parts of that charming country. His old friend Fitzgerald of the Parliamentary Bar gave him a letter of introduction to his brother David Fitzgerald, then a county court judge at Dublin. He entertained us in St. Stephen's Club. After the dinner was over we were taken into the smoking room and introduced to a few Irishmen. My father had a cigar and I helped myself to a cigarette which I would not smoke. In the smoking room it was noticed that I had not lit my cigarette. I was asked to choose another brand. I had to confess to our host and his friends that Indian sons did not smoke in the presence of their parents. It took them by surprise and all of them expressed admiration for the

high moral etiquette of Indian civilisation. In the course of an interesting conversation, my father let fall an observation on the greatness of the English people. One of the party promptly took it up and exclaimed, "Sir, a drunken race can only be a conquering race." We all laughed heartily over this remark ; the whole party was drinking the Irish nectar at that moment.

In the following year the General Election came upon us after a long Tory administration. I volunteered to speak and canvass for Naoroji for Finsbury and Frye for North Kensington. It was an exciting experience. These two gentlemen came at the head of the poll and entered the House of Commons as members for Finsbury and North Kensington respectively. Within three months of the installation of the Liberal Government, I received a letter from my father announcing the depressing news that for the second time he had been passed over. I keenly felt the injury done to him. I rushed off, to see Naoroji to tell him all about it. It was a wild goose

chase on my part. He lifted up his eye brows and expressed indignation, which is mere froth unless it leads to action, but he could do nothing. He was an Asiatic at his best. I went to the House of Commons and interviewed Frye and explained the situation. He left me in the member's room to see Mr. George W. E. Russell then made Under Secretary of State for India. Frye returned to me and asked for a complete written statement of the case. I handed it to him after a couple of days, which he passed on to Mr. Russell. A few communications ensued between me and Mr. Russell through Frye. In the end I was assured that the injury of which I complained would be repaired. The Trojans were a good and brave race; they fought their best against the Greeks; but they were defeated and compelled to wander about the world like beggars for a resting place, all for the ire of malignant Juno. The mischievous fate followed him even here. Before Mr. Russell could proceed further, a question asking the Secretary of State for

an explanation on this subject had been put on the paper by Mr. Wedderburn. This precluded the Under Secretary from improving the situation created by the action of the Bengal Government. At question time Mr. Russell gave the stereotyped answer supporting the action of the Bengal Government. My efforts failed. But the gratitude of the family had been with good Mr Frye. He had retired, honoured as an Alderman, from Parliamentary life.

Though he was only a Small Cause Court Judge, and comparatively a poor man, the learning and intellect which he possessed secured for him a high place even in the native society then, as now, in the grip of Kuvera or Mammon. He drew around him men of his intellectual sympathy and strove to form a centre of cultivated, well informed public opinion. The list of the intellectuals who assembled in each other's residence was a long one. It is fit to mention the four most prominent of them. Their sincerity was above suspicion, and they had no axe to grind. Sir Romesh

Chunder Mitter, Babu Jogendra Chunder Ghose of Khidderpore, Babu Shambhu Chunder Mookerjee, the founder of the *Rais and Rayyat*, Babu Soshi Bhusan Mookerjee, a distinguished pleader of Bhagalpur. These were men of honour, ability and character and would have been leaders of public opinion in any country in Europe. This small coterie silently and methodically carried on its mission of creating a healthy, straight-forward public opinion. Fresh recruits came in to enlist, and one of the many who joined was Babu Basanta Kumar Bose, Vakeel. He brought into the society the glow and passion of youth. In literature, science, and art and even in the solution of social problems, it is the free and high soaring intellect of the youth that has done the greatest work for humanity. The youth in this country suffer from bad heredity and eugenicks. It is badly caparioned by social customs, and poor nourishment of the ancestors, male and female. The youth possess the inborn enthusiasm, which beneficent nature endows him with ;

but it must have the aid and strength of other biological factors of the highest order for the youth to accomplish anything of real value. The marriage and social laws running directly counter to the important biological factors, overpower them and they capitulate. This newly born society expired for want of enduring vigour necessary for its life and maintenance. Chatterjea had been so embittered that for a few years before he finally quitted his native land, he would only see Sir Romesh and Maharaja Sir Jatindra Mohun Tagore. The latter's family had been in close friendship with the Roys. Maharaja Jatindra Mohun was of much assistance to him in obtaining the Small Cause Court judgship. I heard my father say that, on one occasion, Maharaja Jatindra Mohun in a fit of impatience, into which he was rarely betrayed, rebuked one of his interlocutors for his absurd political idea, with the observation that politicians of such calibre would wish to get all the big loaves and fishes of the country, and leave the policing and the defence work to the

English people. His pregnant remarks contained the ring of truth and perplexed his friends. In this country, more than in Europe, in order to improve oneself in the service of the State one has to pay resolutely what is called respects to the head of the service. Men of self-respect and with some little heredity to boast of are incapable of submitting to this unwritten code with the regularity of a clock. It is not worldly wisdom to refrain from it. Do in Rome as the Romans do. Be of slave mentality in a country of slaves. This is the wise saw to follow and act upon. Many an honourable man with strong biological instincts has gone out of this world poor and unsung. They alone have been the silent makers of the nation. I do not remember his having dined at the Government House or in any Englishman's house. It might have been due either to his extreme shyness, or sensibility of nature. The Asiatics are inordinately thin-skinned.

Sensibility of nature arises from fine heredity, education or culture. Mammon, as has

been said, was the least erected spirit that fell from heaven, for he was thick-skinned and his sensibilities were blunted by constant downward gaze on the gold-paved floor of heaven. It was one of the reasons I believe, why the government refused a year's extension of service to my father. A snake which creeps along with its hood up in the air is more readily attacked by the enemy and killed than those of the species which worm themselves into their holes or crawl upon their bellies in the grass. It is the law of nature, so the human species can not be exempt from it. Men with fine, dominant feeling should draw comfort from the reflection of this biological fact. He had met in early days of his practice two remarkably successful lawyers, Babu Mohesh Chunder Chowdhuri and Babu Mohini Mohun Roy. Babu Mohesh Chunder belonged to the pre-university period and was a lawyer of great eminence and strength of character of which he gave abundant proof during the European Agitation against the Bill amending the Criminal Procedure Code. The Bill was

christened and named after Mr. Ilbert who had the charge of piloting it in the Imperial Council.

Kishori Mohun Chatterjea proved deficient in the quality of adaptation to the complex and fluctuating environment and did not get what he thought was his meed. This property of being all things to all men was not in his vein, and he retired from his labours on an insignificant pension, although the Government had the power, if it had the inclination, of increasing it.

He had been taken ill a short time before his papers were sent into the Government. His old friend, Dr. Rupsick Lal Dutt, who had been his contemporary in England attended on him. Dr. Dutt was exceedingly good and kind to him during his illness. He, perhaps, remembered the old days of friendship in London. In foreign countries, robust-minded men sometimes form lifelong friendship. Dr. Dutt strongly advised us to send him away to the south of France, in the Riviera, immediately on his retirement. In India, the land of

snobbism imported from Europe, it would not have been possible for him to live on the small pension. With regret he bade adieu to the land of his birth, his growth and strenuous life, in which he had alternations of hopes and fears—more fears perhaps, than hopes. There was one pathetic figure which ennobled the whole picture of this tragic emigration of a family. Nietzsche says that tragedy is the most beautiful thing in life. It comprehends every shade of emotion and sentiment of which the life is composed. The tragedy was depicted on the face of that heroic woman born, bred and nurtured deep in the traditions of thousands of years—traditions which have survived the cataclysm of time—traditions most of which are alien to the hemisphere to which she was a sorrowful pilgrim, cut off from her own and her husband's relations whom she loved so well; there stood my noble mother on the deck of a French steamer ready to carry her over the deep blue seas into the unknown land.

My father, mother and my sister Saralata

Devi reached Marseilles and were met by my wife's good brother L'abbé Victor Filleu. Monsieur l'abbé is a high-souled man. Although a priest of the rigid system of religion, he preaches Christianity with charity, as all religions should be preached to ensure success. Gold and the sword may make converts. They are not worth enlisting, for they become human cirrhipedes or mental hermaphrodites. My parents were installed in a comfortable little house in a picturesque part of Burgundy, within a few minutes by rail of the well-known town of Auxerre. Dr. Dutt prophesied truly. Chatterjea lived 11 years after his retirement. There lived in the village a few rentiers whose friendship he cultivated. He passed his days in agreeable diversions, playing cards with them, and fishing in the clear waters of the Yonne, on both sides of whose fertilising waters lies stretched the immense tract of land laden with luscious grapes which bear within them the seeds of health and gaiety. There is a Tuscan proverb, which says, "in the grapes there are three little stones, one of health,

one of gaiety, and one of inebriation": the perverted human mind, the effect of evil heredity and bad education, gets maudlin over the last. In that peaceful little village surrounded on all sides by cultivated hills, with the soothing music of the water of the Yonne, as it breaks and rushes over the rocks and stones, they passed their live-long day. Occasionally they used to break forth into the din and noise and smut of large cities and railway journeys. They lived to see three grand-children born and grow.

Chatterjea bestowed upon them the names he most liked. The two first were grand-daughters and he named them Beena and Banee, the names of poetic import. The third was a grand-son, a sweet child. He called him Indra Prasad. His mother gave him the French name, André. He was a lovely child with sweet temperament, and lived for a few years with his grand parents. He taught him to recite Sanskrit, Bengali and other verses, his retentive little brain taking in all that was taught him. He would repeat these to me long after his

grand-parent's death. He grew to be a brave, courageous and affectionate lad. He was much loved and adored by his parents and brother and sisters. His sweet little life of sixteen years came to a sudden and tragic end, leaving a wound in the heart of his parents never to be healed and 'skinned over. I have often repeated the famous line "why the son should die before the father."

CHAPTER VII.

EDUCATION.

*"Il n'est rien d'impossible à l'éducation ;
l'éducation fait danser les ours."*

HELVETIUS. •

In this Chapter we shall know what Chatterjea thought of the education which was in vogue in the country, and what his opinion was as to the education to be imparted in the future. His writings on this question, as on all other important subjects which came before the public of those days,

were contributed mostly to the newspaper, *The Echo*. On the appearance of the report of the Education Commission, he commenced a series of articles reviewing the work. He termed the report of the Commissioners, the Doomsday Book of education. He was much impressed by the personnel of the commission and the laborious work which brought it to termination. "The real value of this voluminous report consists in the fact of the recognition of the opinions of the people in matters of education. The views of the people were invited, and after a patient hearing, they were carefully and impartially examined, and moulded into an authoritative and official form by men whose judgment must carry weight with the whole community, and whose decision must command the respect of all classes." He goes on to say ;— "It appears that almost from the beginning the British Government showed an anxiety for the education of the people. The difficulty arose as to the system of education which should be adopted and recognised, whether Sanskrit and Arabic, or English

should form the staple of education. Opinion was divided. Rani Mohun Roy, whose Spinosistic mind saw into every mode of reform, and laid the foundation of almost every thing that has since been taken up by different men of divergent and opposed views, with more or less success, stood up for English learning. The Raja laboured hard and unremittingly, and in the words of the Report, it took twelve years of controversy, the advocacy of Macaulay, and the decisive action of a new Governor-general, before the Committee could, as a body, acquiesce in the policy urged by him."

It is a curious fact, which occurs often with this government, that on a matter like the education of the country, that Chatterji was not invited to give his evidence. What is the method adopted for selecting the witnesses on the commissions remains a mystery to the public in general. It is one of Sphinx's riddles never to be solved. The Report in dealing with various schools and colleges, State and private, had not mentioned the Metropolitan Institution. It is

rather a skillful omission. "It is a pity to forget, for instance, the Metropolitan Institution, its wonderful beginning, its un-precedented development; and the regular model which that institution has now become, in many respects. That Institution owes its existence and prosperity to the unaided exertion and means of one only individual and is sustained solely by a native professorial staff, and can boast of students who have taken honors in the University. It has to be borne in mind also that this Institution, since the virtual retirement of its proprietor from public life, has scarcely had any voice in its University, and no voice in the examinations. Yet in the midst of all these difficulties it has risen and thriven. We are unable to understand how the Institution escaped the attention of the Commission on its summary at page 262 para 260. Again at page 268, para 298, among colleges needing special notice, we find the Canning College at Lucknow, the Oriental College at Lahore, and the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh. The Metropoli-

tan Institution is once again ignored. Why ? Is it because it has done the greatest good with the least noise ? because it has neither sought nor received a single pice of Government aid." 'The College of to-day,' says the Report, 'aims at giving an education that shall fit its recipient to take an honourable share in the administration of the country, or to enter with good hope of success the various liberal professions now expanding in vigorous growth.' 'Would that it were so ! As it is, as soon as we leave the hallowed precincts of our schools and enter into public life, somehow our success begins to vary inversely in proportion to our self respect. However, let us hope that better prospects are before us, and our sons will have no reason to remember that we have had so much to endure To create some machine B. A's and M. A's and then leave them to the mercy of the four winds, is but a mockery of high education. The great aim of high education is not only to instil ideas, but stimulate the advancement of knowledge by the maintenance of

high standard in the administration of the country and the encouragement of men in the educational service itself, and allowing them leisure and money to enable them to hold their heads among the literati of the world. The low remuneration and prolonged labour which is so characteristic of the Judicial service leave little room and much less inclination for the culture of the mind and the moment a B. L. joins the local bar or becomes a munsiff, in 99·5 cases out of a hundred he begins to degenerate. He rapidly forgets, in the atmosphere of law with all its baneful surroundings, the sound and noble ideas which he happened to imbibe during his 4 or 5 years of academic toil." He was not in favour of the policy of the State dealing with high education. "In Calcutta, for instance, the Presidency College should at once be wholly abolished, and the public or the Government should come forward to endow chairs in the private institutions which are able to hold their own. All that the government need do is to exact a certain amount of proficiency, and in order to secure

that object it is perfectly entitled to entertain a well qualified board of examiners at the University. Beyond this, the government should entirely wash its hands of what is called high education." In the little society, of which mention has been made before, the members used to discuss important questions of the day. We catch a glimpse of it in the following remarks :—" We have taken counsel with many men of experience, they all agree with us in thinking that there is not the least reason for Government to maintain an educational Mammoth, like the Presidency College in Calcutta, but, they add, unless the government interferes *directly* in the matter of collegiate education in the Mofussil, the people will be bound to be backward in establishing colleges for themselves after the model of the advanced private institutions. Our answer is, that if people in the Mofussil are not alive to their own interests, their moral faculties must be of a very low order, indeed, and greater the reason that those few men in the Mofussil who can appreciate the blessings of high education

should send their children to places which enjoy a salubrious moral atmosphere. If our degrees are really inferior to the degrees conferred elsewhere, by all means endeavour to raise the standard, but it is a vicious system which would confer degrees and at the same time depreciate those degrees by holding the recipients unfit to prepare men for similar examinations, and thus degrade the local graduates to a status far inferior to that of the recipients of foreign degrees." The commission recommended that Indian graduates, especially those who had also graduated in European Universities, be more largely employed than they had hitherto been in the colleges maintained by the Government. To this Chatterjea says, "we unhesitatingly admit the benefits which arise out of travelling in a foreign land, especially in England; we are alive to the social benefits which an Indian youth may derive from a residence in one of the colleges in England; but it is more than unnecessary, to our mind, to induce a young gentleman after he has taken honours in this

country to go and immerse himself in a similar course of studies in England, and thereby forfeit the very benefits which form the essence of a sojourn in a foreign land, namely the constant pursuit after an active, free and social life. Take your degree and go to England for a short time" is one mode of expression, and a fact, but to say "take your degree here, and then go and take your degree there" is quite another mode of expression, and a fiction, the sting of which lies in the disparagement of our own universities, and indirectly casting contempt on the recipient of local degrees. And the worst feature of all is that it will render men for all times to come indifferent to the improvement of our own University which must ever occupy a determinate inferior status to foreign University. The commission dwelt with timidity and less freedom upon the subject of boarding establishments for the students. It says, 'the initial out-lay upon buildings is one from which the government and independent bodies alike shrink. So poor is the Indian student that it would

be impossible to demand of him any but the most moderate rent, a rent perhaps barely sufficient to cover the cost of the annual repairs. The second obstacle lies in the religious and social prejudices which fence class from class. Not only does the Hindu refuse to eat with the Mussulman, but from close contact with whole sections of his own coreligionists he is shut off by the imperious ordinancy of caste * * * * * all the more important, therefore, it is that the government educational officer should be able to exercise the moral influence of a close and watchful discipline.' To this the answer is given :—'Whether it is possible for a government educational officer, such as we generally find, to sympathise with the ways, wants and aspirations of our young men to such an extent as to be able to exercise that wholesome moral influence of a watchful discipline is a question we regret to have to answer in the negative. A serious necessity has arisen to subject our students to that chastening influence which a residence within the college premises for a term of years can alone secure.

It is urged that the Indian student is so poor that it would be impossible to demand of him but the most moderate rent. We do not wonder at the touching pathos on the part of the commissioners when the axiom on which they proceed is the begging of the whole question. Are all Indian students so poor that they are unable to pay the reasonable expenses of a properly high education! Certainly not, and what is worse, Government has gone and made a mess of the whole thing by placing a sucking bottle of high education by the side of almost every lad who is not a roving beggar. High education is a luxury which no one has a right to enjoy but those that can pay for it. If the Government instead of opening the thousand and one Presidency Colleges all over the Empire, had opened some half a dozen alms-houses it would have done a doubly blessed and a truly righteous act. We condemn the false sentiment which has led to the establishment of expensive government colleges at an enormous cost to the public for the doubtful benefit of men, the

bulk of whom should be content to send their children to primary schools, or to give them at the most a secondary education. Those gentlemen, who are anxious both by their position and antecedent to impart to their sons a university education, find to their disappointment that what their children gain in book knowledge is more than counter-balanced by the loss of refinement and culture which must necessarily ensue from their association with the lower orders of the people. We remember, though it is now several years ago, that the children of some well known families in Calcutta were removed from the then Hindu College to St. Paul's and the Doveton College, the reason being that neither the under teachers nor the students were sufficiently respectable." It has often been urged against European civilisation in the East that it has put in the melting pot the natural distinctions of social rank and position, and levelled them down to an unhealthy monotonous drab. This charge emanates from people who entertain inordinate notions of the antiquities of fami-

lies and traditions. These are excellent biological principles to work upon, but we are met with other biological laws which conflict with the above mentioned principles. Nature institutes distinctions for a reason and a purpose, and that is to preserve a perfect balance and equilibrium in the Universe. There must exist the strong and the weak throughout nature; and her scale will remain even to the end of the world. The artificial distinctions, however, must be obliterated. Chatterjea discusses this subject from the stand-point of an aristocrat :—“ A few words may be needed to explain what we mean by social rank, at all events among the natives of Bengal. Few people are aware that before the present confusion overspread our society, the higher classes of Hindus and Mahomedans occupied for all practical purposes the same status and rank among themselves. Except in the matter of food, Brahmins, Vaidyas, and Kayasthas and Mussalmans of gentle blood used to be the natural leaders in every village and in every town, and it was they

that really represented the public opinion of a particular locality. Those high born Hindus and Musalmans were alike versed in each other's language, and participated alike in each other's joys and sorrows. Are there any Hindus in young Bengal who ever care to read Persian now, and where are the Musalmans amongst us that can repeat a single Sanskrit *sloka*." The origin of Hindu-Mahomedan question according to him arose in this way. "The separation came when English schools were first established in the Metropolitan towns upon a so-called secular basis. At the time of their first establishment in Calcutta, there were but few, if at all, respectable Hindu and Mahomedan families resident in Calcutta. Those schools as was to be expected, were mostly attended by boys who had little or no notion of family traditions, and whose ambition was to supplant by the instrumentality of a foreign education their social superiors. The latter naturally kept aloof, and as the lower classes of Hindus and Mahomedans, like the lower class in every community, are imbued with

the worst prejudices of their race or sect, the two classes were inclined to seek separate establishments, and there was thus founded one school for the Hindus and another for the Mahomedans. And the bitter result now is that with the progress of so-called high education the Hindus and Mahomedans have within the last five and twenty years, with rare exceptions, come to regard each other in public as members of a different race and almost to disown one another. In this order, it is a satisfaction that the Hindus and the Mahomedans of the North-western Provinces," (now they are called the United Provinces) have still retained some traces of the old manners. They have at least been able to preserve that solidarity which in our Province has all but crumbled away ; the Hindus and Mussulmans fraternise to an extent which would make their name-sakes in Bengal start with wonder, and there still continues in the North-west, in spite of the efforts of designing men, much about the same kind of social relation between the higher order of

the Hindus and Mahomedans as of old. Strange, during our peregrination in the Upper Provinces, it was a Mahomedan gentleman, Moulvie 'Faridul.din, a distinguished pleader and at present a Subordinate Judge, first told us of a *bonmot* and dwelt with affection on the memory of Radha Pershad Roy, the most accomplished and high-minded Bengali Hindu of his time, and the silent fellow worker of Colonel Lees, and Rev. Long, but who is scarcely known even by his Hindu country-men of Bengal. And here we wish to record our deep sense of gratitude for the illustrious Syed of Aligarh, the venerable Syed Ahmed Khan, for his benefactions and the noble edifice which he has erected in that town for the education of Hindus and Mahommedans. To those who are moved by narrow interests and worldly greed to set up a social wall between them, we have simply to reply by pointing to the monument which the genius of the greatest Indian of his day has raised to national education in the almost obscure

town of Aligarh. The singular prescience of one man has accomplished in the so-called backward North-West what it will take numberless years for the whole multitude of Maharajas and Rajas, Nababs and Babus, Khan Bahadurs and Roy Bahadurs in all Bengal, Behar and Orissa, the Paradise on earth of the Mahomedans, even to realise in their dreams." Chatterjea was prophetic when he wrote these words. Bengal cannot even now boast of an institution like that of Aligarh. He was insistent on having residential Colleges. "Caste, even in the matter of commensality is fast dying out among the higher classes, and if students should refuse to mess together, let them have their meals in separate quarters ; but we must still insist upon there being the residential system followed out in every school and college in the country, and we think it is the duty of the University to refuse to affiliate any institution which is not founded on the model of the Anglo-Oriental College of Aligarh."

The Report recommended moral train-

ing and religious teaching in Colleges. The recommendation appears in this form : (i) "That an attempt be made to prepare a moral text book, based upon the fundamental principles of natural religion, such as may be taught in all government and non-government Colleges ; (ii) that the principal or one of the professors in each government and aided College deliver to each of the College classes in every session a series of lectures on the duties of a man and a citizen." He grappled this thorny question in his own way, making an appeal to the beauties and grandeur of all true religions, and with biting satire pointed out the back-slidings of the Hindus and the Mahomedans on this momentous subject. "We regret to say that as far as we have gone, these two recommendations are of the most ill-conceived description, which show more than any the vulnerable heel of Theti's son, and what intensifies our regret is that neither the Hindu nor the Mahomedan gentleman on the commission has been able to grapple with the question in a way

which the smallest remembrance of their own traditions would have surely led them to do. By moral training, we take it, is meant the constant practice and cultivation of that mode of speech and that demeanour which is recognised and admired by the most respectable class of the community, and practically the difference between moral training and religious teaching amounts to this ; that our conduct must be so and so, our behaviour must be so and so, our carriage and demeanour must be so and so under such and such circumstances, and the same with our language and words, or we will incur the displeasure or the contempt of the respectable members of the community of which we are one. Religious teaching practically takes up the same role with this difference, that if you do not do such and such things, you will incur the displeasure of God, or to use the expression of Alexander Pope, the great first cause least understood. "So the teaching in either case tends to the same end in the matter of this world, in either case the emotion of fear is worked

upon, and to use a learned expression, the sanction in the one case is the fear of immediate evil, and in the other the fear of contingent evil. Pure and uncompromised Christianity, like pure and uncompromised Islam and Vaidica equally teach us to turn away from the meretricious charms of this world, they equally teach us to subdue those tumultuous desires, the impetuousness of which fills the world with so many variegated objects for their insatiable gratification. "Leave all thou hast," says the Prince of Humility, "do good or give up all thou hast to others," says the Prince of Truth, "subdue thy desires and be a triple commander" is the language of the divine Rishi. Who among the Education Commission is so bold as will come forward to prepare "a moral text book of natural religion" for the followers of Jesus, of Mahomet and of Brahma. We have at times been equally touched by some of the soul-ennobling expressions which are abundant in the Bible, the Koran and the Puranas ; but as the descendants of a far too ascetic race, we

may be pardoned for our some little partiality for the priceless gems which are scattered broad-cast throughout the Mahabharata. But, if the books which are now taught in our schools are not sufficient to place before the boys examples of good conduct and good work, we submit it will be more than enough to teach what, we believe, is still taught in our humble villages, a portion of the *Pandnama* and a few *slokas* from Chanakya. We will not say anything about the others, but we wonder what happened to the Hon'ble Syed Ahmed Khan or Mr. Mahmud and the Hon'ble Bhudeb Mookerjee that they were unable to make any suggestion. Certainly Babu Bhudeb cannot have forgotten the verses of Chanakya, the pleasant companion of Hindu boys of Bengal till thirty years ago. Is it possible to give a better text than '*Atmabot Sarvavutasu*' look upon others as your own self!' And it may be equally said that there is scarcely a Mussalman in whom some of the beautiful passages of the *Pandnama* have not left those marked traces which were impressed

on their kinds at a tender age. Is it to be a branch of international morality, or the average order of morality that is observed towards the natives of the country by our Anglo-Indian neighbours? We were taught when little children to be beforehand with a Mussalman in the matter of salam, we were taught to be before-hand with a Hindu in befitting salutation. It did not signify a bit what was the condition of the Mussulman or Hindu, the salutation had to be recognised. Now, how many Anglo-Indians are there from a High Court Judge down to an Assistant Professor in any of the Presidency Colleges who far from being the first to salute any man who is known to them, would even think of taking any notice of a salam or a salute. From a "native" point of view such a demeanour is a token of want of manners or even boorishness. After all, if the professors in our colleges behaved *strictly* like gentlemen even in the smallest points, if our magistrates and judges behaved strictly after the model of their namesakes in England, much of the complaint laid at the door of the

graduates would cease to exist. The magistrate's court is rightly called the people's court, and above all it is highly necessary that our magistrates should be absolutely punctilious in the observance of etiquette. Ask any one of the numerous practitioners, the whole body of the B. Ls, and we should indeed be very much surprised if there could be found a single one among them who felt himself at home in a European magistrate's court, and who would not avoid that court but for the pinch of hunger." There is much truth and sense in what has been said above. Manners makyth man, says the moral preacher to the deaf world. It takes its place among the copy book maxims and remains unredeemed. I believe things are taking a better turn and the country is getting the sense and perception of biological laws. He lays down in clear terms the practical policy that should be adopted. "A series of lectures on the history and science of religion would be both interesting and profitable, and at the same time teach the students to be tolerant of the views and sentiments of the votaries of

diverse creeds. Compare the teachings of Confucius and Zoroaster, of Jesus and Mohammed, of the Vedas and the Puranas, and the essence of them all is exactly the same. Nothing inflames race prejudice more than religious differences and let one community in India acquaint itself with the creed of the other, and in a few years India will wear a different aspect. What we wish to add is this, that when a professor faithfully explains to a class of grown up students Austin's lectures on Jurisprudence, is it possible not to dwell at length on the duties of a man and a citizen, is it possible not to refer to the *morals and legislation* of Bentham, is it possible not to refer to Roman law in some detail, and does not the student read in the very opening title of Justinian, *honeste vivere, alterum non laedere, suum cuique tribuere*, and are these merely dead expressions and will not each and every one of these expressions afford to an enthusiastic teacher matter for ample lecture." He was a lecturer himself and loved to explain and dwell upon these expressions with the power of

eclaircissement possessed by a true teacher for the delectation and moral benefit of the students who attended his lecture. He was ardently desirous of seeing a college set up in one of the hill stations manned by a staff of teachers devoted to the work. His wishes were not fulfilled owing to the apathy of the wealthy class of the country. The wealthy classes in Europe, especially of Germany, are animated by a genuine sentiment of patriotism as they desire to raise the general level of intelligence and instruction of the youth of their countries. The wealthy classes in India are not sufficiently instructed to understand the point of view of the ever progressing civilisation of Europe. Political haber-dashery of attractive hues is the object upon which they bestow the best energy and burning passion. Political enfranchisement will not improve matters here where a Namasudra or a Pancham is despised as a profane creature. Do not these people worship the same deities as the other pretentious Hindus? Are they not living in the full blaze of a civilisation which teaches the world the sove-

reignty and sacredness of man ! are they expected to be reconciled to the tyranny of social customs which have crushed the divinity in them. Is it to be wondered at that they should rush *en masse* into the folds of other creeds and thereby cause a terrible diminution in the Hindu population ?

“ There should be an International Administrative College established in some hill station for the education of the higher classes of all communities, and the selected students should be asked to spend a portion of their educational period in England and in France or Germany. Under proper care and management there is no place better than India for the cultivation of International morality.” He was not unmindful of physical exercise for the boys. His observation on this subject is sound and pertinent. “ Our people are somehow apt to forget the simple adage, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The ancient Brahmin students used to look after cows in the meadow ; it was one of the ways in which a simple, peaceful and temperate

people used to take their exercise during their academical career. The lives of the generality of our modern students are far from being rural ; they are for the most part pent up within the small enclosure of a dusty city, and in one of its ugliest quarters; such things as manly sports are little known and much less understood. More than half the time of Anglo-Indian youths and men is usually employed in shooting and pig-sticking, whereas there is scarcely any one of our graduates who can tell the trigger from the muzzle of a gun, and the word pig-sticking has hardly any other than a philological value to our begowned graduates. It gives us no small pain to look on the emaciated figures of our young men, who, if they but paid the slightest attention to their muscles and physique, would turn out to be fine, robust and manly fellows. It has become quite a hobby with our young men to appear attenuated and feeble and their great ambition seems to be to lose the use of their sight, so that they may have an opportunity of peering gravely through a

pair of spectacles. If the boys of to-day are the fathers of to-morrow what a gloomy prospect has our race before it. It is not unfrequently said, that the Bengali is that specimen of humanity which has a sound mind in an unsound body. The proposition is simply absurd. In an unhealthy body the mind can scarcely be said to be sound, except in some rare and individual cases. Julius Cæsar may have had a weak constitution ; but a race or community can not be composed of Julius Cæsar. A sound mind in an unsound body is capable of only one interpretation, and that is, that such a mind may give occasional evidence of extraordinary intellectual feats, may be shrewd and ingenious but it would be idle to expect men with such minds to grapple subjects which call for sustained energy, or which require study and continuous thought, and such minds must be wholly devoid of versatility or vivacity of any kind."

CHAPTER VIII.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

"Look at this little boy," said Themistocles to his friends, "he is the arbiter of Greece, because he rules over his mother; his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, and the Athenians govern Greece."

It is surely a judicious remark of this Greek regarding the power and intelligence of woman. In biology the female is subject to the same physical and mental laws as the male. She is the inheritor of every bit of the heredity, physical and psychic, of her ancestors as the male. She is conservative, in that she preserves and upbuilds the race in her and is anabolic; the male is disruptive and katabolic. These natural rules of action are necessary for the perpetuation of the species. It has taken man, the primitive hunter, thousands of years to realise this tremendous physiological fact. The East, with the exception of Japan, has not yet grasped the situation. It has yet

to comprehend that a female is born under the same natural process and in the same freedom as the male. Chatterjea had some pertinent observations to make on this important subject. Before he gave to his countrymen the practical suggestions, he reviewed with a little warmth and fervour the ancient regime under which the female mentality had its growth. "From strict vegetarians a vast majority of our high class Brahmins, who are most clamorous to excommunicate their "travelled" clansmen, have begun, although on the sly, to live upon all the beasts of the forest, even to the point of shocking the prejudice at one stroke of both their Hindu and Mussalman servants and dependants. And it is to the growth of these lax habits among the respectable classes, that is attributable the neglect of female education in Bengal. We all remember the moral tales, the apophthegms from the Mahabharata and Ramayana, which we used to hear with avidity as children from our female ancestors, how we used to group round the good *pundit*, our readers will recollect Goldsmith's dear, old

parson, in the zenana explaining with earnestness and warmth the texts from the shastras which very few of your English teachers in your ten-thousand schools have any notion of. There was not a single lady in those days who could not repeat whole pages from the Mahabharata. Those ladies would also vie with each other in the ordinary and useful house-hold accomplishments, they could paint, if not with the finish of a Raphael or a Reuben ; they could embroider, make a lot of ornamental knick-knacks to embellish their neat and clean little rooms, and they excelled in the act of cuisine which, it is not too much to say, would startle a modern French *chef*, and make your very *choix fleurs au gratin* look extremely foolish. There were ladies, too, who used to look after the zamindari affairs in the absence of their husbands, and sheltered behind their *chicks*, would hold the sort of *Durbar*, which are still held by *naibs* in zamindari villages. Raja Ram Mohun Roy's mother was not only a good accountant, but a perfect adept in the affairs of zamindari. And there is

little reason to doubt the truth of the statement that Ranees Bhabani and Katyani were extremely shrewd women of business. The time came when our tonsured *pundits* were sent adrift, very much after the fashion of the cowls in the time of Henry VIII, the newly English-read men, sprightly and defiant, like the rejuvenated serpent of Virgil, on having got rid of the slough of old ideas, began to think that the *pundits*, unacquainted with the mantling pleasures of life, superstitiously abstained in their foolish barbarism from its manifold luxuries and cruelly taught our men and women to be abstemious and austere like their own wretched selves. Those men who succeeded in extricating their wives from the necessary duties of a Bengali household, and could withdraw them from the antiquated and primitive influence of the materfamilias imagined that they had out-matched Perseus whom the fables represent as having saved the beautiful Andromeda ; and the Brahmin youth who threw his sacred thread into the dustbin regarded himself as another St. Sebastian or St.

Augustine. We wonder how many of our so-called educated men can write with the flow of language and the genuineness of feeling of the elegant composer of *Niharika*, of Swarna Kumari Devi, of Mukhuda Devi, of Bama Sundari and of Pramada Debi who has written her *Sukhamilana* during the trials of a most gloomy bereavement. None of these ladies have been brought up in any of your modern schools. The agency which has preserved to some extent the fabric of Bengali society from tumbling to pieces, but which has received not the slightest recognition at the hands of the Commission, is the steady, though silent influence of Bengalee writers and of newspapers and magazines. The writings of Akshoy Kumar Dutt and Ishwar Chunder Vidyasagar have done good work among the denizens of the zenana; and latterly the imperishable verses of Madhusudan Dutt have fired the patriotism of the sex, as the charm of Bunkim Chunder Chatterjee's pieces have captivated their mind." Then he quotes an important observation of Monsieur Pick of Vienna in

his report to the Educational International Congress of Brussels. Mons Pick observes that the school ought to pursue happiness which consists in the gratification of desires and aspirations, provided that such gratification does not lead to ulterior evil. In the first place, it would be necessary to conduct education in a manner that the future man should be capable of gratifying his desires ; in the next, education should form the character of a young man in such a manner that his aspirations should remain within a circle in which it would be possible to satisfy them. "Indeed, the cry which Mr. Pick raises on behalf of young men applies equally well in the case of our future women. Piano and Shakespeare, B. A. and M. A. are gorgeous and gaudy things, and perhaps very useful in their way ; but Government must keep itself aloof from providing luxuries of education, and undertake, as it is its duty to do, to supply the necessities of education. Sewing, knitting, embroidering, short-hand writing, drawing and painting are well calculated to help women to earn some sort of

livelihood. English should be taught practically, and Bengali and Urdu should not be omitted from the list. Arithmetic, elementary botany and Physiology, History and Geography, should complete the course with selection from the various sacred writings. There should be separate degrees for girls, and Sanskrit, Persian, Italian, French or German, and music may be set for higher accomplishments for those who are able to pay for them. But such women as would like to compete with young men for ordinary university honours, will of course be at liberty to carry on their studies along with young men in our colleges. We will, however, make one suggestion in the hope that it may commend itself to the humane public. Our appeal is to all India. There is not a question about it that Bengal is far behind the other important provinces in beneficial acts of a public nature. The Bengalees are a race of lawyers, zamindars and school masters." He had omitted to mention that invertebrate class—the quill-drivers. "The lawyers naturally, and of

necessity, carry on a long struggle for existence, and such of them as happen to amass a fortune become Zemindars within a short time of their death, and their progeny swell the ranks of the so-called aristocracy with its usual accessory of indolence, ease and pleasure for want of legitimate political aspirations. It is hardly to be expected that men, so situated as the Bengalis are, would or could do anything in the nature of social improvement. There are no doubt a few zealous men ; but these are the very men who being wholly destitute of the sinews of war, want influence and are on that account nervous to take the initiative. That being so, cannot Bombay, Madras and Bengal unite and organise a technical institution for girls in some central place, a grand school where girls from all the provinces may gather together for the purpose of practical instruction in the modern languages of India, in English and the useful arts ? Is there no one in India to respond to this appeal ?" The response has not been heard for 30 years. The dead do not speak or utter sound.

CHAPTER IX.

PRIMARY AND SECONDARY
EDUCATION.

*“ Des institutions, des institutions, des
institutions.”*

THIRION.

The subject is not difficult to seize hold of. It is essential in the interest of the entire community that much emphasis should be laid upon the urgency of this question. There cannot be a general upward movement in the community if the vast mass of the people who dwell in the cottages remain immersed in ignorance and superstitions. The obstacle in the way of their amelioration is the ways and means wherewith to provide the people with instruction. Should the State withdraw the direct contribution which it makes to the maintenance of high education, as was suggested by Chatterjea, it is believed that there will be sufficient funds in the coffer of the State to introduce a few rays

of light into the opaque understanding of every child in the country. It is with the schools and seminaries that Moses and Lycurgus and all the great legislators have consolidated their works. "Reading, writing and arithmetic, familiarly known as the three R's, and technical instruction of every kind should be of primary consideration in matters of primary education. We only wish that the reading and writing should comprise both Bengali and Urdu, and that none but natives of India, especially those that have travelled abroad, should be appointed as inspectors. It is nothing but fair, should the necessity arise, that the civil officers of the government who draw a salary of over Rs. 700 a month should be asked to contribute a small percentage of their income towards the municipal primary school fund. Our wealthiest classes are the judicial and executive officers, and the zemindars ; the latter are known to undertake various good works and have a good share of the cares and anxieties of their position ; but the former, who really combine the public and the government in their

own celestial persons, have, with very rare exceptions indeed, been in these days coolly enjoying all the big fishes of the land without even the slenderest bone, and are never known to part with one single six pence for the peoples' good. It is nothing but reasonable that those who should figure as hereditary aristocrats should share to some extent the burdens of aristocracy."

"Secondary education implies generally education up to the Entrance standard of the University, and it is consequently the stepping stone to collegiate education. The government need do little in this connection in a direct way. It has simply to throw all ministerial offices of a certain class open to competition among candidates who have qualified themselves up to the desirable standard, and each district may be depended upon to take care of its own secondary education,"

The Commission devoted a separate chapter on Mahomedan education. It wounded his feeling. It has been said before that in his family there had never been a question

of Hindu and Mahomedans. "We turn next to the chapter on Mahomedan education, and we must confess that so far as Bengal is concerned, we have read nothing in this Report with a greater degree of disappointment. We can not forget that the Mahomedans in this province, who speak the same language with the Hindus, are twitted as *Bengalees* even to this day by their Arab compatriots of the Upper Provinces whose mother tongue is Urdu. There is not the slightest difference between the Hindus and Mahomedans in Bengal except in the matter of religion, and this has been getting lax all round for many years. The wealthy classes of Hindus and Mahomedans are equally luxurious and equally indolent, and that at some time or another the lowest castes of Hindus became converts to Mahomedanism, wherefore it appears that a large proportion of Mahomedans in the eastern districts and elsewhere in Bengal are poor. In some of our villages the Mahomedan and Hindu boys read in the same *patshala* under the same *guru mohaskoy*. There should be made no

distinction between Hindus and Mahomedans in the matter of education. If the Mahomedans have not been able to compete with the Hindus in English education, we must attribute the result to other causes than the fact of their being Mahomedans and Hindus. Nothing is calculated to do greater mischief to the cause of progress than to create a distinction where no such distinction exists, and to instill prejudices of a very bad type into the minds of the Hindus and Mahomedans, and encourage them to shun each other from their boyhood. That education which awakens us to a sense of human dignity and piety by the abandonment of all unworthy thoughts is the only true kind of education."

CHAPTER X.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

“In a progressive country like British India, where some change occurs almost every day in the ideas, beliefs, and sentiments of its population, a sympathising vigilance ought to be one of the essential attributes of those who are entrusted with its destinies. With the new turn, which the peculiar form of education and enlightenment has imparted to the “native” mind, and which its modern rulers have laboured for years to introduce into this country, there is a growing necessity for the examination, from time to time, of the working of every important department under the State. The sovereign and the subject must react one upon the other ; and the forces which are brought to bear upon the people will in course of time affect the character of the governing body. As there is allegiance on the one side of the subject, so there should be protection on the other. As it is the duty

of the government by the maintenance of a well organised army, to protect its subjects from foreign aggression and intrigue, so it is its duty by the establishment of properly constituted courts of Justice to protect its law abiding subjects from the violence and fraud of bad citizens. The old *regime* with its old machinery of justice was gradually abolished, and courts on a graduated scale were planted all over the country upon English principles. The old Sudder Dewani has been added to the Supreme Court, and both together go under the designation of the High Court. What was formerly called the Supreme Court is now known as the Original side of the High Court, and the Sudder Dewani forms its Appellate Side. On the Original side none but Barrister-judges are entitled to sit and dispose of civil matters which arise within the limits of Calcutta, and until recently Barrister-judges alone could deal with the committed criminal cases occurring within those limits. Civilian Judges are now sometimes deputed from the Appellate Side to hold what is technically

called criminal sessions within the limits of Calcutta. The situation of affairs is precisely this :—outside the boundary line of Calcutta, all civil suits—no matter how large may be the value of the suit—are heard and disposed of by the subordinate judge, who is a native of India ; but as soon as a similar case occurs in Calcutta, it has to be brought before the Original side of the High Court and tried by a Barrister-judge, the salary of that judge is fixed at 40,000 Rs. a year, whereas the remuneration of the subordinate judge never exceeds Rs. 12,000 per annum. A suitor, just outside the borders of Calcutta, say at Alipur, engages a pleader, generally a Bachelor in law of the Calcutta University who does the whole work for his client, and the suit is thus disposed of by the subordinate judge. On the Original Side the mode of proceeding is completely different. A Calcutta suitor, unlike his brother litigant of Alipur, will have in the first instance to go to an Attorney-at-Law. The Attorney-at-Law can not argue a case on the Original Side, but has to give instructions to a Barrister

who alone is qualified to discuss the case before the judge. Then to the Courts are attached a number of interpreters, and if the litigants and their witnesses do not happen, as is usually the case, to know the English language their statements have to be interpreted to the Judge and the Barristers. Not one of the Barrister-Judges know or are expected to know anything of the language of the 'native' suitors who flock to him for justice. When one compares the conditions of a suit in Calcutta with those in the mofussil, one is struck with the difference in the expense of litigation in the two places. The factors of a suit in the Mofussil are:—(1) the subordinate judge with his small salary, and (2) the pleader with his small fees; whereas in Calcutta the factors are:—(1) the Barrister-judge with his large salary, (2) the interpreters with his by no means small salary, (3) the Attorney-at-Law with his, it cannot be called paltry, fees, (4) the Barrister with his respectable honorarium. Is the quality of the justice in the mofussil inferior to the quality we obtain in Calcutta? Either

the subordinate judges are fit for their work or more than nine-tenths of the population are compelled to remain content with a kind of sort of justice which must be taken to be no justice at all or at best an apology or make-believe. Fortunately, the people in the mofussil do not think so, they are quite happy with their lot. The wealthy zamindar, the rich planter, the mahajan or the money-lender, the humble cultivator, as well as the Hindu widow and the Mahomedan *Muta* feel themselves none the less secure in their rights, and do not seem to have any the less confidence in the efficiency and rectitude of the Civil Courts in the Mofussil. The wisdom, therefore, which would maintain a distinction between the machinery of civil justice in the mofussil and that in the Presidency town in Calcutta, is of a highly questionable character. It is now half a century ago when Macaulay, then the Law Member in the Governor-general's Council, boldly told the British Public, that two Pindari invasions a year were better for the people of the country than one Supreme Court."

It is obvious that this trenchant piece of writing was directed to the disestablishment of the Original Side of the High Court which is much too expensive for the people of Calcutta. Then he goes on to discuss the hard lot of the ministerial officers of the Mofussil courts and pleaders with much feeling for the increase of their pay in order that they may be placed above the temptation of receiving a *douceur* for the quick and efficient discharge of their duties. There has always been a profit earned out of the litigants and the question arose as to how the surplus should be disposed of, whether it should be refunded or as is now dealt with by appropriating it to the general administration of the country. "In regard to the disposal of the surplus yielded by the Civil Courts, the Government is in the position of trustees and is not justified in dealing with it in the way it is now doing. If the fund is to be found in excess, the surplus, if not refunded, ought to be devoted to the purpose for which it was stated that the taxation on legal proceedings was to be levied—

that is, to the improvement of the Courts of Justice, until their condition is found to be in all respects satisfactory."

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAW EDUCATION.

Having been a professor of law in the Metropolitan Institution for a great many years, he acquired valuable experience of the method of the studies of the law and the psychology of the students attending the classes. That which he complained of still persists and is thriving with an unaccountable facility. "The study of law in Bengal, so far as we are able to judge, and we speak with the experience of a quarter of a century. has up to this moment been an unmitigated farce. The study of law is held in the utmost contempt, although it is fraught with such serious consequences to the people of the country, and is the source of positive profit and respectability. A considerable percentage of the

students are already earning their subsistence as teachers, or clerks, and the reason which induces them to come to the lectures is the necessity of fulfilling the percentage of attendance. They no more know of what is going on in the class than they know of the condition of the agriculturists or of the Rent Law in one of the satellites of Saturn. The few that really mean to present themselves at the ensuing B. L. Examination, convinced of the utter impossibility of being able to profit by the lectures, prudently direct their attention to the sections of the Indian codes and the abstracts and analysis, and by a process of intellectual deglutition or "mugging up" obtain their B. L. degree. It is clear that the University, instead of being an institution for the advancement of learning, has, in this instance of law, reduced itself to the position of a mere instrument to let loose on the country a large army of legal practitioners. It must be admitted on all hands that the study of law has an intrinsic value of its own of no mean order, if only carefully directed. Legal literature forms an important portion

of the general literature of England. A man has to read closely some of the valuable works in the various departments of law, and he will have studied much of the English language and literature. The felicities of composition and the precision of style which we meet with in almost all the text writers, will teach a foreigner as much of the language and literature of England as the sparkling sentences of Macaulay or the stately periods of Gibbon. We would therefore propose at once that some general works on law should be substituted for a mass of dry Acts and crabbed Regulations with which the curriculum of legal studies is crowded. Under these B. L.'s there is a gang of subordinate pleaders, and then there are the revenue agents and the mushroom Muktyars. The public has a right to expect that the B. L.'s, who have the credentials of the University of Calcutta, the Advancement of Learning, should be an example and pattern to their humbler bretheren in the profession. They must be men of learning and high moral tone and must be men who are able by their

position and respectability to resist the allurements of ordinary temptations and dissuade others from the path of evil. As a rule, a hungry man has no business to be at the bar. It is because this rule has been ruthlessly violated that we now possess that insolent section in the Legal Practitioner's Act—that a member of the bar who gives commission for the purpose of obtaining business, renders himself liable to a fine by a criminal court. Can there be anything more reproachful to the profession of law than this enactment? Aye, it reveals the depth of the degradation to which the noble calling of law has been reduced. We read law that we may be gentlemen and undertake the duties of a gentlemanly avocation. No student should be admitted into any of the law classes who cannot afford to buy the books which the University has set. Professional teachers are more expensive than ordinary teachers of literature, and a professional teacher who is at all painstaking and conscientious will not serve at a cheap price. Nominal fee will not do for lessons

in law and none should be enrolled as a student of law who is not able to pay decent fee. If, however, the University will not interfere in the matter it should upon considerations of prudence and morality fix a consolidated fee for admission to its law examinations. No one can doubt for one moment that it is an essential function of the University to test the quality of legal education by means of a just and appropriate test. The essential function the University can exercise by means of a body of competent and properly constituted and permanent staff of examiners." All this idea of the reform in the studies of law may be sound and fascinating, but the profession is encumbered with superfluous members. It is like Virgil's army, which was so crowded, that many of them had not room to use their weapons. The country is over spread by litigious lawyers, *iras et verba locant*. The great majority of the lawyers are financial wrecks and economically bankrupt. The great statesmanship lies in the adoption of means to relieve them from

eating their hearts out in despair, save them from ruin. I can suggest a bold and immensely practical statesmanship in this connection. It is necessary to put a stop to legal education for 20 years. This will effect considerable relief to the hard struggling men already in the profession. During this period the course of studies should be diverted to commercial and industrial channels. One discerns too much molly-coddle-spirit and too little courage in these vital points. Carlyle has said that the first virtue of a man is to subdue fear. The quality of fear is the concomitant of social and economical depressions. The deep depression into which a large number of the lawyers are plunged makes them look dry and meagre as wood, like the woman of whom Scarron says, that she never snuffed the candle with her fingers for fear of setting them on fire. President Wilson once said that "the rarest thing in public life is courage, and the man who has courage is marked for distinction; the man who has it not is marked for extinction and deserves submersion." India with

its peculiar social and economic conditions should be served by conscience and not by expediency. It has never served any people to blink at facts ; it is useless fighting with facts, says the Greek poet, for we can do them no harm.

CHAPTER XII.

GAMMOMANIA.

“ Le Marriage est un grand luxe.”

He took “sunoptikos” view of all the problems affecting the well-being of the people. In dealing with social subjects he wrote with great caution and wariness. All societies have been ruled by the priests or the theologians from ancient time. They do not care to move with the progress of time ; and would, if they could, stop the course of the sun to escape from the natural law which fixes the calculation of time. They argue in some such way, if the earth did not move round the sun, there would be no days and

nights, and time will be at a stand still ; there would be no cry for change and no eloquence expended on that serviceable little word progress. The changes have come over the world notwithstanding the formidable opposition of these estimable men. Even India has been affected by the change brought about by the scientific genius of the West. There is not a corner of the globe which is not ruled by priestcraft. India is yet a stronghold of priests. In such a country one needs the intrepid heart of Buddha to speak the unalloyed truth and act without fear. Smaller men need must say things touching upon the established system with reservation and circumspection. Chatterjee realised that improvident and early marriage had caused disadvantage to the individual and prejudice to the race. He tackled the question with earnestness and vigour.

“Marriage, we read in a French novel, is a great luxury. The conditions of Hindu society have so altered that what was a great blessing centuries ago has become a positive

curse at the present moment of our existence. It may be said without much exaggeration that at one time all Hindusthan was one great convent. Not the least thing was done or undertaken without an eye to spiritual benefit. Read Manu's code of laws, criticise it as mercilessly as you like and view it in any aspect, forbearance towards the weak and helpless is enjoined in every chapter and verse of that noble volume. Matrimony under the Hindu law, is understood to be a divine sacrament, and this circumstance is based, among others, upon two principal reasons. The desire, in the first instance, to bequeathe to posterity the traditions which one has received from his ancestors, and, secondly, a strong feeling of respect and generosity for the feeblar sex. An unmarried man has, so the shastras tell us, but only one half of his body, and one-half of his body will have to go through the torments of hell. But however true the injunction in former days that a son saves you from damnation, and a wife completes your spiritual existence, in a commercial age it is

just the reverse. A fact, such is our ancient doctrine, cannot be altered by a hundred texts. In these days when Brahmins and Sudras are breathlessly pursuing the road to wealth, marriage has become an intolerable nuisance, and 99 per cent of our misfortunes and miseries are clearly assignable to improvident or hasty marriages. Our Hindu friends have not even the opportunity of realising the risks and perils of matrimony ; for marriage is part and parcel of their very existence. The average Hindu does not know what single existence is : he is twain in his teens. Before life's journey is begun, or even thought of, the Hindu is a husband. In his vocabulary the word man is synonymous with husband. The ancient society and community have come to an end, a new population has grown up on their ruins, and in this heterogenous body every individual is compelled to look out for himself. "Live for others" has now given way to—"each for himself, and God for all." In order to be a good and prosperous citizen, one has to live decently and respectably.

It has to be considered what the average productive power of a Hindu is, or how much money he is able to acquire. It has to be carefully reckoned how much money is necessary to maintain him in decency and respectability. One need hardly be told that the amount of money which is more than sufficient for one's individual self will fritter away to nothing if one has to maintain a wife and an irresponsible bevy of children. Consider, also, the extent to which a man's usefulness is impaired when he is overburdened with the cares and anxieties of a growing family." Dr. K. D. Ghose a distinguished physician and a friend of Chatterjee had written two letters in one of the journals which went to show the absolute need of sanitariums for the Bengalees. "K. D. G. in those letters seemed to us to have made out a good case; but at the same time we could not suppress the thought that no sanitariums in the world could prevent the waste of vital force in those human bodies which, being the miserable products of early marriage themselves, were more

than ever enfeebled by the carking cares attendant upon the early burden of a prematurely growing family. Matrimony, in Bengal, has become almost another name for poverty, disease, dishonour and early death."

CHAPTER XIII.

DRAPERY.

This country is conspicuous by a variety of costumes worn by the people. There is no uniformity or method in the style of dress. It gives the proof of indiscipline and want of æstheticism on the part of the inhabitants of this country. As there is no unity in dress, so there is no unity in language. A national language is necessary to national life. It is what the bind-weed is to the sand dunes ; it holds together preventing them from scattering in all directions by storms.

It is submitted that the Hindusthanee dialect should be made compulsory through-

out the country as it is well adapted to be the common language of the country. His argument went in favour of European dress. It is based upon the law of adaptability to environment, and quotes from the Koran to enforce his view :—

Annaso alas dine mulukehim :—Your ruler's ways are your ways." The Arabs in the time of the great Prophet were an unenlightened savage people: Nature in her beneficent ways produced a genius among them with the object of saving that race. The Prophet built up a civilisation for this people and imposed upon them social, moral and political laws which were the best for them under the conditions which had existed in that remote period of time.

No human system can be fixed and unchanging, for that would be contrary to the natural law affecting the human mind; man is endowed with profound intelligence and is capable of great progress. Progress is incompatible with the existence of anything of a permanent nature created by human intelligence. The saying of the Prophet may be

expedient for the work-a-day world ; but it is devoid of the sentiment of self-respect.

“The character of a society and the conditions of its development react afterwards on the mode and form of the dress of the people. We also see that a community of men speaking the same language wear the same costume, only varied in its detail by the grade to which the wearer belongs. The wealthier a society is the larger is the sub-division of classes, and greater the variation in the details of dress. The general lineaments are the same ; but there is not much complexity in the modifications that it becomes difficult to find out the resemblance between the garb of a dustman and that of a duke. Dress by degrees comes to mark the class to which a man belongs, and grows to be a note of distinction, until society accords its respect to one of its members according to the dress in which he is arrayed. Men pass on in the busy world, they see each other, they cross each other and even on occasions sit close to each other ; but they have little opportunity of knowing or form-

ing an estimate of each other, and in the generality of cases people take us as they see us. 'From a distance,' says our Chanakya, 'how shines a fool in his attire of flowing silk.' This forms the key to the whole question of dress. In such matters the populace is guided by mere association of ideas, and appearance is all that it looks to:

The philosopher pries into the inner man, and searches for the beauty of the mind and soul ; but the vulgar do reckon a man from his exterior and external trappings. Once admit these positions, and it will be easy to account for the fact of there being thousands of men in the world who, in order to serve their purpose, are anxious to make an *appearance* in public. The society, in which we live and move, is of a highly composite character. We behold here a conglomeration of nationalities owing allegiance to the same government which adheres uncompromisingly to its own nationality. Each and every one of these nationalities is engaged in the pursuit of worldly aims, and

anxious to secure as *British subjects* the comforts and pleasures of this life. One finds that all those nationalities are grouped into two classes. Those that claim kinship with the Government of India constitute with the less influential members of their race the first division, and all the rest are put together in the second division. Each of the divisions comprises a numerous retinue of the ignorant and illiterate. In such a state of a society the higher ranks of the second division will have to cope with a continuous series of struggles. For them to expect sufficient consideration at the hands of all the members of the upper division would be impossible, and they would at the same time be denied their accustomed share of respect from the inferior ranks of their division. To the vulgar eye of both classes the European garb is the undoubted garb of a gentleman, and the vulgar unfortunately are not philosophers. Breeches and jackets are not the national raiment of the Jews ; but the Jews in England dress like the Christian English. The late lament-

ed Professor Goldstucker, whose extensive knowledge of Sanscrit was only surpassed by the extent of his sympathies for Brahminic race, was a Jew and his dress was European. Sir George Jessel, the late Master of the Rolls, though Judaic by creed and nationality, wore the European costume. Even in Calcutta the globe-trotting and cosmopolitan Israelites are fast getting into European coat and trousers, and yet are willing to retain in all strictness the creed and the traditions of the Hebrew race. The Indian Armenians, who perhaps have carried the thing a little too far, are the race which has given up its Persian costume, forgotten its own language and given up its own titles and designations, and *Agas* have actually become *Misters*. The poor crouching Hindoo of Bengal has learnt to call every little scrap of every foreign race by the name of "*Sahib*," or lord, except himself. To give an instance out of many, an ordinary European who in a Railway compartment may make life torment to us will be hushed at all events to silent indifference as soon as he sees a

charmed coat on our back. To abhor our father's dress is a positive sin, and is the sure characteristic of the moral up-start ; but to revile a man for assuming in public a dress which is the garb of the aristocracy of British India shows a narrow mind. Do what we will, those of us, who are engaged in secular pursuits will sooner or later put on the European dress. Diogenes may live in a tub, Vyas with his disdain for mundane things may wander about in his *ajin* or skin-garment, but worldly men must ever go in search of earthly things, and let him sneer who can. It would be a wild attempt to change the course of the Mississippi or the Brahmaputtra, and the Arabian sage spoke truly :—*Annaso ala dine mulukehim.*" .

The whole article possesses a value worthy of consideration. The European dress is rapidly becoming the dress of respectability and convenience. During Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty a deputation of Indian gentlemen waited upon His Excellency—a deputation, as Lord Palmerstone defined it, is "a noun of multitude, signifying many but

not much." Some of its members went in European dress. In the course of a reply to the address presented to him, the Earl of Dufferin indulged in a friendly badinage on the question of dress. The speech appeared in the newspaper on the next day, and Chatterji published his lucubrations in *the Echo*. "The flowing robe of the East is certainly radiant with all the tints of the rainbow ; but how much so ever it may be calculated to enhance the brilliance of the Vice-regal drawing room, it is wholly uncongenial to the atmosphere of the Railway platform and unsuited to the daily struggles for existence in the work-a-day world. The consideration of æsthetics must give way to those of hard necessity, and if Alexander the Great will not assume the habit of the Persians, it is a matter for congratulation that the latter should sacrifice their sentiment at the altar of peace, and exchange their own garments for those of the Greek."

CHAPTER XIV.

ILBERT BILL AGITATION.

Man in obedience to the first natural instinct of self-preservation strenuously clings to all the attributes which build up his race. There are qualities which are ingrained in him and others which he acquires from his environment. He cannot abandon the smallest item of these without a valiant struggle. The Europeans believed that this Act would infringe their political or racial rights ; and they opposed the passing of the Act with the magnificent strength and tenacity of a virile race. Passions were aroused and much violent and abusive language was employed and passed current for argument. Chatterji threw himself into the discussion with the intellectual powers of which he was possessed. He put forth his best efforts in answering the arguments of the then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal who was the redoubtable opponent of the measure. In this controversy the entire European Press ranged itself in opposition to

the Bill. Even *the Statesman and the friend of India*, which was edited and conducted by the late Mr. Robert Knight one of the ablest of English journalists, supported the opponents of the Bill. Chatterji held Mr. Knight in esteem. He had a feeling of disappointment at the attitude of that paper on this question. "We have read with mingled feelings of pain and disgust certain articles in the——. With pain, because the hand, to which we have hitherto been accustomed to look for solace and comfort has of late begun to offend us.—Heaven knows what ; with disgust because there is so much barbarous sentiment clothed in such choice language—the mangled face of Mokanna beneath the soft veil of Chinese texture. Mark these opening words : 'we would go further and would never appoint a Bengalee Magistrate or Judge to any province that was not Bengalee, observing the same rule all round, and in the case of every province in so far as it was possible. No native of Bengal will ever make so good a Magistrate or Judge in the Punjab as a native Punjabi.'

Indeed, it reads like a worm-eaten page of antiquity, centuries before Xenophon was beating a retreat with his memorable Ten Thousand. In one sentence the writer has destroyed the works of years, demolished what Christianity has struggled for ages to bring about, what our Rishi Fathers laboured to inculcate and what has been the one proud aim of education to accomplish ; one learns from a review of the past that at a certain stage of the world's history, religion was understood to be the highest knowledge. What we now understand by a "rustic," men of former times understood by a "heathen" (we confine ourselves to the growth of Christian nations), and the terms *unchristian* and *heathen* gradually came to bear the same meaning and became equivalent expressions. The significance of which consisted in this, that men who professed the same religion came to look upon each other as members of our body, having as it were, one corporate existence. All outside that body or corporation were regarded as beings of a different order, barbarous,

vulgar, ignorant and so forth. We see the same idea marked in Mohommedanism ; no matter to what country a man belonged, whether Indian, Persian, Arab, Egyptian, or Turk, the common creed of Mahomet united them in one bond of union ; national peculiarities were lost sight of in the profession of one faith, and the subtle charm of *Islam* transmuted, so to say, the Arab into a Persian and the Persian into a Malay. The tendency of the present age is to substitute possession of knowledge for the possession of a faith ; and it is well-known that the same education brings forth the same proclivities, and the mere accident of birth would scarcely count in the calculation. We say this most emphatically that the English educated classes, be they of Bombay or Madras, Bengal or the Punjab, are so like each other in their beliefs and manners, and are so similarly educated in their sympathies that there is scarcely any exaggeration to say that there is not a pin to choose among them. Perched on the Alpine height of the dominant race, they with bland com-

placence contemplate the scene of an extensive empire lying outstretched at his feet with its thirteen hopeless nations ; but the distance which separates him from us obscures his vision. It is a pity that a journalist of his age and character has to be taught in this year of grace that our enlightened countrymen in any part of India combine the philosophy of the Arab and the Hindu with the literature and science of England. We have learnt to compare, it may not be with a very high degree of profoundness, at all events in an ordinary way, the charms of Shakespeare with the beauties of Kalidasa and Ferdousi, we can appreciate to some extent at least the relative merits of Avicenna and Gautama, of Huxley, Spencer and Mill. An English educated Punjabi thinks and feels just in the same way as his English-educated Bengalee. The one educational policy of England has for the last 50 years been to break down prejudices and to mould the diverse inhabitants into compact whole—a Brahmin suitor with closed hands standing suppliantly in presence

of a Sudra Sub-Judge, Munsiff or a Deputy Magistrate. Is this paper prepared to tell us that he will have Brahmin Judges to try Brahmins and Sudras for Sudras?" During this heated controversy the Marquis of Ripon was subjected to abuse and vulgar invectives, but hard words break no bones. The illustrious Viceroy throughout this stress and storm kept prominently before his mind the lofty principle of his life that "Righteousness exalteth a nation. "The Queen on her throne, the Chancellor from his ancient place in the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone, the first servant of the Crown of Great Britain, the representatives of the British people in the House of Commons, cannot but look with pride and satisfaction on the immortal work which the Marquis of Ripon, their common delegate has achieved for them in India."

"The Victory of whom? And over what?"

"This is the question which a writer in the *Pioneer* puts and takes up more than four columns to answer 'among the numerous triumphal arches', says the author of the

article, 'under which he (the late Viceroy, Lord Ripon) has recently passed, not a few have borne the inscription, *Victory*. The Victory of whom? And over what? there is no doubt about the answer.' And anon, we are treated to a chapter of mediæval history. That the answer is a simple one there is not the slightest doubt, and we are so far agreed with the interrogator, but the answer which suggests itself to us is somewhat different from the answer which he has given. 'The Victory of whom? And over what?'—Our answer is the Victory of knowledge, reason, and right over ignorance, prejudice and might. The incident of 1882 was not the first occasion in the history of civilisation when physical and moral forces came directly into conflict. Physical forces are violent and overwhelming in their tendency. They come upon us with a suddenness and like a wild fire sweeping away and destroying every thing before them. They poison a Socrates to death, they slay an Archimedes in the midst of a mathematical problem. Ambitious Rome in her

best of power led Athens captive, and Rome succumbed before the fire-eating Vandal. The humane mind turns away with horror from the violence of a Nero, and bends almost in adoration before an Aurelius. Both Hindus and Moslems hold in execration the name of Aurungebe, whilst they cherish with veneration the memory of Akbar. It is no good now to recall the primitive glories of a conquest ; for however brilliant may be the achievements of the bayonet and the sword, the reminiscences of a battle-field are not without their dark associations which the heart sickens to contemplate. England's just claim to her supremacy over India is as the restorer of peace, and the messenger of plenty and prosperity. Assaye and Plassey had to be fought ; for they were an iron necessity ; civilised nations launch into war in order to seek the haven of peace. 'It is of little importance now, though it may be a source of much danger, constantly to talk of the sword as the bond of union between England and India. Every native of India who has a heart to

feel and a mind to think is grateful to those men whose combined exertion established order in the place of chaos, and founded Universities for the advancement of learning on those sites which had once trembled under the tread of Pindaree marauders. The standard of fitness which the writer evidently prescribes is the standard of *European* and *Native*. The proclamation directs that should not be ; the Marquis of Ripon said *amen* ; ergo, cries our author, the Ripon Administration has been a terrible failure. It is painful to have to say so, but whoever the writer may be, he is terribly unjust, unjust to himself, unjust to the people of this country and unjust to his own Sovereign ; and his name will go down to posterity with Epialtes, the Trachinian, him who betrayed the valiant three hundred at Thermopylae." In welcoming the new Viceroy he pointed out with cogency the policy which should be adopted in order to carry on a peaceful government. " The real difficulty has hitherto been in the selection of proper advisers from the class of men

who are commonly known as "Natives" ; but whom one should prefer to call "Indians." The heaviness of the task which His Excellency has undertaken will be considerably lightened if he will but condescend to recognise *that* education has been the greatest glory of England to confer on this country. A man of wide sympathies is just the man for India, and we heartily welcome His Excellency the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin to the Capital of British India." On all occasions he laboured to prove, as he did here, that "there is no difference between the views of educated Englishmen and educated Indians even in a country, of which it is said that Shem must put up a tent for Japheth".

CHAPTER XV.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON
LORD RIPON'S POLICY.

The English aristocracy and the middle class lashed themselves into fury over this Bill. In a rage they behaved like barbarians and vilified the Bengalees with acrimony. It was argued then, as it is tried to prove now, that it was not lawful for a race of cul-de-jattes possessed of some brains to direct the policy of the Government. The Bengalees were in the first rank to take advantage of English education. The other races in India kept back from it for some time giving the Bengalees a good start of 20 years. The Mahomedan intellect remained quiescent for a long time. It slept among the shadows of the past. It is true that besides these shadows of a shade, there are those things that were once really alive—operative, but had the misfortune like the horse of Roland of being dead. The *Saturday Review* a

journal enriched with the wealth of culture added its voice to the chorus of ill-natured vilification. This made him indignant.

"The Saturday Review occupies a prominent place in the rank of British journalism. It is not only read with interest, but also for instruction in whatever part of the world the English language is read and spoken. Its every word is pondered over and every observation carefully scanned. And although, it may be, its literature or its politics are sometimes the subject of criticism, its sincerity as that of an Englishman who can write so well and argue so well, can never be doubted or impeached. *The Review* is a conservative organ, and its antipathy for the Marquis of Ripon is perfectly intelligible; but the Liberal and the Conservative are equally interested in the welfare of India. The people of India live under the protection of both Conservative and Liberal and should not be made football of by either. It is, therefore, with some disappointment that we have read a certain article in the *Review* entitled 'Lord Ripon's Apologia.'"

Englishmen in England are fully welcome to banter and vilipend each other as much as they please, but why drag the native of India into the meleê. They may break the peace as much as they please in their domestic England ; but it is almost sinful to forget that an Englishman, be he of whatever party, is entrusted with the sacred charge of maintaining peace in British territory outside the limits of Britain. English politics are not Indian politics, and a nation or a country which is ambitious to exercise imperial sway must of all things learn to raise its mind higher than the flat and low-lying ground of petty family squabbles. Lord Ripon seems to have put before his audience three questions. One of the questions is — ‘ Do we think that we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition and provide it with no legitimate vent.’ Upon this Lord Ripon’s critic observes, ‘ what for instance, is the sort of knowledge which we are to substitute for the ignorance of the people of India.’ Really, this is a wonderful proposition. It assumes that the optical orbs of the people of India

have ever been rolling in intellectual darkness until Clive introduced the Promethian light. What Lord Ripon meant to say was that let the best-educated native of India be placed on the same footing with the best educated Englishman available in India, and in the department of Government for which he may have been trained. Here is the peroration 'if it is to be a knowledge in the only valuable sense of the word—if it is to be education which opens their minds to the facts of life—one can instantly give Lord Ripon's question the answer which he requires for it, and much good may it do him. The first thing that an education of that kind would teach the Bengalee—about whom, be it remembered, all this bother is being made—is that the English Raj is the only power which stands between him and his extinction or subjugation by the fiercer and hardier peoples of the Peninsula.' Now, if the Punjabis and the Rajputs receive the proper kind of knowledge, would it be the better or the worse for men of the critic's class."

CHAPTER XVI.

LALURAM PANDEY'S CASE, ITS
MORAL ASPECT.

Laluram Pandey was an Inspector of police. Some one laid a complaint against a Mr. Walker of the theft of a calf. The Police Inspector went and arrested Mr. Walker who was brought to trial and acquitted. Mr. Walker in his turn brought a charge against the Police Officer for unlawful arrest and the officer was committed to the Sessions. The Sessions Judge strikes off all the charges but one, and acquits the accused of that charge. The Anglo-Indian Defence Association acting upon what would seem to be a reliable account moves the High Court for a trial on the omitted charges. "The very best counsels are engaged. They convince not less than four learned judges of the court of the propriety of the application; but the rule which had been granted is eventually discharged on no other ground than that of inutility. The specia

feature of the case requires some explanation. The man who was arrested on the charge of theft did not belong to the ordinary class of criminals. Anyhow, even if the act for which Mr. Walker was taken up by the police came technically within the definition of theft, a police man of ordinary understanding should at once have known that there must have been some other motive at work than the motive with which people are known to commit theft. Whatever may have been the precise social position of Mr. Walker, he, at least, belonged to a class to which the suspicion of theft can hardly be said to attach. The source of all the mischief in the case before us lies in the act and manner of arrest. Although we are bound to say that we differ from the learned judges of the High Court in the general treatment of the case, we are at the same time bound to confess that the action of the Defence Association has been simply admirable. Any man may lay any charge against another man, and unless an ignorant police are taught to show due respect to a man according to his

position where are we, and what will become of us and the society in which we live? The great vice in this country is that no body is supposed to have any position at all unless he is an official, and the Anglo-Indian Defence Association," (it is now called European Defence Association) "by its indomitable energy and perseverance, has taught the country to believe that it is possible for men to be gentlemen and to have a position without the aid of a government badge. It is true the Defence Association by its zeal, earnestness and patriotism has become a power, and attained to a position which it is impossible for the Government to overlook or treat with indifference. The Association has no doubt won a victory ; but we cannot forget that its victory is the reward of manly virtues. It is entirely by means of moral force that the Association has succeeded, and the Government is bound to acknowledge its triumphs. Because the Bengali people do not possess a particle of self-respect, because they are utterly incapable of acting in concert and unision, except when

they imagine they are repressing the pride of the dominant race, therefore it is that there is so much howl against the united action of a small band of non-official Europeans. A nation which is imbued with the smallest sense of patriotism can not but sympathise with the work which the Association has achieved. The greatest ambition of a Bengali is to secure the sympathy of a particular European. 'Oh, let us worship Mr. so & so, Mr. so & so is very kind to us, he will assist us, he will plead our cause, now we can go to bed comfortably.' Such is the average sentiment of the Bengali press and the Bengali patriot. The handful of non-official Europeans, on the other hand, rely on their own conjoined and united strength. If the Bengali people had the smallest notion of the proper meaning of the word patriotism, instead of reproaching the non-official Europeans for their united action, they would have endeavoured to imitate their example. We have been warned by that Association over and over again that a community of people which looks to other

support and other assistance than self-support and reliance must never expect to thrive and prosper. The creed of the Defence Association—and who will venture to deny that it is a noble creed—has been that an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult to the whole community. This is the biggest truth uttered by the biggest of the Seven Sages of Greece. A Hindu begets sons that they may be brought up, trained, and looked after by Europeans. A Hindu begets daughters that they may be brought up, trained, and civilised by young European ladies of the mission. The whole truth seems to be this, and our people do not see how ignominious they are making themselves, that it is the dear desire of the Bengali that all the Europeans in this country must give up their interest and live entirely for the benefit of the Bengali people. The Europeans must drudge for the Bengali, look after his children, lay the cloth for him and superintend his kitchen and his dormitory, so that the Bengali may be left free to make speeches all over the country, deliver

orations in England and live luxuriously by himself. The Bengali, as an English friend of ours said, does not seem to possess a backbone, and until he is able to appreciate the worth of self-education and self reliance, no good will ever come of that race. Among the Hindus of Bengal there is not even the slightest suspicion of anything like solidarity. There is no such thing like cohesion. In his speeches and in his press, the Bengali seems to talk and write about political ties in absolute disregard of social ties. They wish to be cosmopolitans before they have learnt to be patriots. They talk of the union of Bombay, Madras and Bengal, when they have a most uncertain and unstable social fabric in Bengal itself. Will our readers condescend to reflect on what we have said ?” This outspoken observation was made in sorrow, not in anger. This strong piece of indictment was written over 36 years ago. It is applicable *mutatis mutandis* to the Hindus of the rest of the country. It is not even at present observable that there has taken place any appreciable amelioration.

or improvement in the character the people. They unite in a sort of agreement well described by a young lady who defined Platonic love as an *approchement* in which she did not know what he meant and he did not mean it.

CHAPTER XVII.

NATIVES.

Chatterjee was very sensitive in regard to the term Native employed by the Europeans to the people of this country. He wrote an article under this title in *the Tribune* published at Allahabad half-a-dozen years before he returned to Calcutta. I have not been able to discover it. The journal has long ceased to exist. "We remember having read some years ago an article entitled "Native" in a paper published beyond the jurisdiction of Bengal. We will here jot down some of our reminiscences. In British India there may be many nationalities, but for

political purposes there are only two nationalities, (a) European British subjects, or in other words, English, Scotch, Irish, and their descendants, or shortly *Europeans*, (b) Native British subjects, in other words, all those nationalities which were found to occupy the country when it came under the domination of parliament, or shortly *natives*. In whatever part of Asia or Africa the British people have settled, the original inhabitants of the country have received in the English language the appellation of *natives*. All British subjects out of Europe, except the colonists settlers or emigrants themselves, are *natives*. The term “native” does not merely mean a native of India, it means as well a native of Hongkong, a native of Australia, a native of Ceylon, a native of Cape Colony, a native of Demevara &c. The term is not confined to its mere etymological sense. An Indian lad in an English school in India will probably tell us that the word “native” is derived from *nascere*, *natus*—to be born, and with his intelligence the boy will further tell you that he is called a

“native,” because he is born in India, and if he happens to possess a dash of that patriotism which is so common among our school boys, he will in all likelihood give you a bit of his sentiment and with it the assurance that he is proud to be called “a native.” A man is born in this country of English parents, he is not a native ; a man is born in this country of Irish parents, he is not a native ; a man is born of mixed Irish and Assamese parents he is not a native ; nor is the son of this man of mixed parentage by an Assamese wife a native. Not only are all these men born in India not natives, but they are not natives of India. The etymological sense in which the term “native” is employed by Europeans in this country and elsewhere is *simplicity* or *inferior civilisation*. This is apparent when we compare the word with its French derivative *naïve*, simple. The political sense in which it is used appears clearly from this passage of Blackstone and proves our premises almost to the hilt :—“*For the children of villiens were also in the same state of bondage with*

their parents; whence they were called in Latin *native*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a *vilain*, who was called a *neife*. In case of a marriage between a free man and a *neife*, or a villein and free woman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free and Villein if he was Villein.' The use of the name "native" in this country has a demoralising tendency. Parliament by slow stages moved towards the direction of the enfranchisement of India. The idea, however vaguely, has been before Parliament to mould all the nationalities of British India—European or native—into one common form of British Indian subject. A great deal rests with our nobility and gentry. It is really deplorable to witness the divorce of knowledge from wealth, and hopeful as we always are of the future, until our zemindars are ambitious to fill that position which their compeers in every other country occupy and earn the respect of the lower classes which is their legitimate due, the prospect will remain gloomy for a long time to come." Thirty-six years after, all this has been

changed. The word "Indian" has been substituted for the term "*native*." The French, the Germans and the Italians have similar applications for the people of swarthy hue inhabiting countries lying outside of Europe. This question has nothing to do with politics or grammar. It is purely biological. The European races, or what is at the present day, called, the white races, have for long centuries been the dominant species, and the races in Asia having lived in superb contemplation of its religion and the knowledge acquired from it became the inferior species.

CHAPTER XVIII.

" ENFORCED WIDOWHOOD."

Mr. Malabari, a cultured and enthusiastic Parsee, appeared like a meteor on the horizon to reform the Hindu society. He wrote a pamphlet and entitled it *Infant Marriage and Enforced Widowhood*. He wrote with a vigour and cogency against the abuses

apparent in these two social customs. He overshot the mark like all enthusiasts in reform. He committed the grave error in trying to convert the Hindu society into the free and emancipated western society. It involved the change of the soul of the race and the characteristic traits of its genius. If such acting be effected the race will abolish itself; it will lose its unity and even its *raison d'être*. The reformers, all the world over, have been rigid and strait-laced in opinions and ideas and like the prophet Habakkuk considered themselves capable of every thing. They rarely accomplish any thing in this world because they cannot limit themselves. Mr. Malabari was a man possessed of intelligence and patriotism. He did not regard himself to be a foreigner as most of his coreligionists think now-a-days that they are aliens in this country. The intelligence of these Parsees is a comet, which has two tails, which is very confusing. "We have read the notes on infant marriage and enforced widowhood by Mr. Malabari with considerable care. People will naturally pay

more attention to the subject, and by dwelling upon some of the affecting pictures drawn here and there in these notes, find food for ample reflection. • There are two ways of correcting the errors of society ; if you cannot make people reason out that a thing is bad and vicious, you must try and make them feel that a thing is bad and vicious. We are, however, afraid that we can hardly say that Mr. Malabari has in this instance appealed to the people at all. He has evidently no faith in his countrymen, and shows more than evident distrust in their better judgment. He, therefore, does not care to appeal to the moral instincts of the people, or to the good sense of the enlightened portion of it, he has perhaps tried that remedy and failed. He is now quite indignant with his countrymen, he rebukes them, invokes the force of law, and appeals to Christianity and to the Government. • Herein consists the mistake, There is another fault which he has committed : he has mixed up too many things together ; and instead of confining his attention to that evil which

is peculiar among certain classes in India, he meddles with things which are common to all societies, the case must come from within, character has to be moulded from early childhood, and it is more than useless to endeavour to cope with the evil as it exists in the lower classes which is Mr. Malabari's real gravamen." With regard to widow remarriage :—"Self-restraint is deservedly considered to be a virtue in Europe no less than India. And we can easily conceive the dangers and perils to societies, and to the peace of families, if even in Europe, respectable girls were allowed to have their own way and settle matches for themselves. Consider the question carefully, and it becomes as clear as noonday that the ideal which the Hindu places before his daughter or his sister is precisely of the same character as that which European moralists vie with each other to hold up to the people of their own race. Read that admirable book,—*Thackeray's Vanity Fair*, and you find in every tint in the portrait of Mrs. George Osborne

a reflection of the picture which our Shastras have drawn of womanly piety and fidelity. We will give only another illustration from another class of writers. Those that have read Miss Braddon's beautiful account of Vixen can have little difficulty to discover that the charming delineation of Vixen's character corresponds exactly with the teachings of the Hindu Shastras. We will next turn to examine the nature of the privation which a widow is asked to submit to. First of all, it is only the widows of the higher classes that at all observe the rites of widowhood. Compare the condition of a widow with that of a married woman, and the real difference consists in this that the widows are more regular in their habits, they are more cleanly in their ways, and they fast one or two days in the month. It should, however, be remembered that religious women meritoriously perform the same austerities. Young widows—not merely girls—now-a-days are even allowed some little luxuries, and certain allowances are made in their case with the sympathising

connivance of society, such as the wearing of a few ornaments, which is viewed with disapprobation in the case of elderly widows. Mr. Malabari, undisguisedly says :—‘Declare that the widow, being the *States adopted daughter*, shall not be wronged by caste, and even if custom allow the wrong to be perpetrated, the victim shall be avenged by law’. Can the state undertake to find husbands for the forlorn ones? the despairing Hindu cannot find husbands for his widowed daughters, and therefore, prescribes a mode of life which would facilitate self-restraint. On the whole we are driven to the conclusion that these notes are a sad failure. The real problem which has to be solved, is how to provide for young girls. It has now become incumbent upon us to educate our daughters to find out the proper manner of bringing them up so that they may be able to obtain some decent sort of living for themselves independently of marriage, which is coming to be considered day by day as a luxury; and we are sure that if we do so we shall

not have to wait for our reward in Heaven. The fruits will be reaped on this very earth. All that we need do, is to properly educate our girls, or enable Madras, Bombay and Bengal to intermarry."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LIMIT OF AGE FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Lord Ripon's Administration had taken up the important question of raising the age at which the candidates for the Civil Service would be competent to sit for the examination. There was a considerable controversy over this matter. The age was fixed at 19. It worked to the prejudice of the Indian students and in consequence the Government of the day thought it prudent to bring it up to a limit that would ease the hardship under which the Indian people laboured. Lord Kimberley was the Secretary of State for India at that time. He was not

a brilliant statesman nor was he a man of strong character. On this point he was a wobbler. In India the opinion leaned more in favour of 23 than 21. After almost interminable speeches, whispers and pour-parlers the limit was settled at 21.

“There was a time when the limit of age stood at 23, but by a kind of arithmetical retrogression we have come down to the teens at last, the limit being lowered to tender 19. We know that the subjects of examination, by far the paying subjects, are wholly foreign to us, we know that the examination is held in a foreign country, we know the difficulties, the expense, and the snares which must beset the path of a young Indian of 18 or 19 in the tumultuous whirlpool of London, we know what terrible strain the requirement of such an arduous examination must put upon the physical and mental resources of boys born and bred in a tropical climate ; and, indeed, the obstacles are so great and numerous that some of our Anglicised country-men have actually divorced their family and children from the

home and the language of their fathers, and are bringing them up in England from their infancy at an expense which the marvellous emoluments of a few prodigies can alone enable them to do. Why should a Deputy Magistrate's son, why should a Subordinate Judge's son, why should the son of a respectable tradesman, or a humble land-holder be excluded, as he must in the nature of things be at the present limit of age, from the competitive examination. Plainly, it is not every body that can afford to leave his little babies in England, or has the heart to see his children forget their mother tongue and their mother land. We would fix the age of 23 for candidates of Indian origin, for, the moment such a candidate is passed out that very moment he is able to take up the duties of his office. The necessity of an antecedent practical training does scarcely exist in the case of passed candidate of Indian origin. Since the desirability of having University men in the service is admitted, since it is nothing but proper that Englishmen should know as

much as possible of the language and manners of the people before they set foot in India, we would fix the competitive age at 23 years all round whether for Christian or Gentoo. The State Seceretary, on its being suggested to him that the present limit of age operated to exclude the natives of India from competition, is reported to have observed that the Government had provision that one out of every six members of the Civil Service should be chosen from the natives of India. We have always had our own opinion as to the political creed of the present Secretary of State. He is just the man to be shaped into a pliant tool in the hands of his civilian colleagues whose knowledge of modern India is on a par with that of the 'seven sleepers', who would judge of the world in accordance with their experience of it when they went off to sleep several centuries ago. Lord Kimberley no more knows how to guide the vessel of state in India, than the three wisemen of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl, knew about navigation.

"Three wisemen of Gotham.
 Went to sea in a bawl ;
 And if the bowl had been stronger,
 My son would have been longer."

Such an avowal of policy is but an echo of what Lord Lytton and his council had frankly enunciated a few years ago, and for which he was simply snubbed by his, in the party slang, Tory Chief, Lord Crambrook. He tells us in words remarkable for distinctness that it matters little whether the natives of India have any chance in the open competition or not, so long as there is the statutory Civil service to give one-sixth of the appointments all over the length and breadth of India to the natives of the country."

Throughout these controversies he gained over his friend Kristodas Pal to the side of the intellectuals. Kristo Das wielded a powerful pen and was the mentor of the Bengal Zemindars. At times he would not see eye to eye with Kristo Das and would not feel a hesitancy in expressing

his disapproval of his policy, but the difference of opinion had made no change in their relation with each other.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END.

With the *weltschmerz* in his heart he settled in the little village in Burgundy with his faithful and devoted wife. He had the grief of the true scholar and thinker. A true scholar and thinker finds himself by his very qualities cut off from the shams of life and the usual crowd of self-seekers who throng the world. Is it to be wondered at then that he is sometimes sad and lonely? Nothing but the poor soul gets ill, and from it springs the world pain. "*Quand tu souffriras,*" says a French writer with the real experience of life, "*regarde ta douleur en face. Elle t'apprendra quelque chose.*" If mankind were instructed by the priests and the

school masters to look at life from this view—point it would mitigate much of the acerbity and pain of the soul from which it suffers at one epoch or other of its existence. Heroism is something necessary and permanent in the life of humanity, and those that live by heroism as by bread survive, released from the world pain. My mother was stimulated by heroism and in consequence did not endure the world pain. She reconciled herself to the new environments yet nobly adhered to the tradition of thousands of years. She was liked by all in that little tranquil village for the sweetness and reasonableness of her genuine Brahminic nature. Even the curate of the village living in his presbytery very much after the fashion of a true philosopher, in a country in which a minister of politics wished to extinguish the light of Heaven, held her in much esteem. “They desire to put out the Light of God with their mouths; but God will perfect His Light, averse though the faithless people be,” said the Prophet of Arabia. The light of Heaven has not been extin-

guished in France ; on the contrary, the sufferings of the people have been appalling, that is how God perfects His Light. She had been attacked by an illness from which she never recovered. In full consciousness and with a smile on her lips, she breathed her last, leaving to her children the splendid inheritance of the memory of a noble and self-denying character. She was interred by a secular society of Auxerre in the neat little cemetery of the village in which she spent her last six years. The priests in France are men of larger information than the politicians. They have toleration. When my children used to pay visits to the tomb of their grand parents, the good abbé accompanied them and, kneeling down before the marble, used to utter a prayer for the beatification of the souls of the dead. My father survived her for four years and died in a moment without the least suffering. He was laid under the earth by the side of his lifelong spouse. He was mourned by the people of the village whose friendship he made. He regarded paternal power rather

as a duty than a power—his children will remember this excellent trait in his life with gratitude.

He never cared to place himself in the lime light of popularity and made few friends. Homer put into the mouth of Achilles the fine lines : “He is hateful to me as the Gates of Hades who thinks something in his mind, and utters another.” He despised such men, and such men compose the nine-tenths of the population of this world. The so-called savages are the only relic of naturalness in whom abides the truth.

I append two letters out of many I received after his death. One is from Mr. M. Abdul Kadir, late a Deputy Magistrate and the other from Mr. Radha Charan Pal, a distinguished public man of our time :—

Midnapore,

26th February 1911.

MY DEAR NOLINI,

I was much shocked to notice in the papers the sudden death in a foreign land of my intimate and respected friend, your dear, revered father, and so I wired my sincere

condolence to you. He did not long survive your dear, revered mother who also died away from home. He was an eminent Indian of whom we were rightly proud as a scholar of high order, a bold and independent judge, a sound jurist and last but not the least a jolly, genial, sincere and sympathetic friend. "Once a friend he was ever a friend". I have a vivid recollection of the pleasant time we had when I and Abul Hassan met him at times. He had a high regard for all religions and was himself a thorough "unitarian".

Yours sincerely,

M. A. KADIR,

108, Baranasi Ghose's Street,
Calcutta,

17th Feb. 1911.

MY DEAR MR. CHATERJEE,

I am very distressed to read in the news papers of the death of your much respected father, Mr. K. M. Chatterji. On this sad occasion all the old reminiscences of the close personal relation of your lamented father

with my dear father crowd in my memory. What intimate friends they were! My dear father not only loved your father, but held him in great esteem for his many qualities of head and heart. A profound scholar, a warm-hearted friend, a high-souled Indian. The news of his death has been received with genuine sorrow by all who knew him.

Yours sincerely,

RADHA CH. PAL.

In his small rich library—it was *multum in parvo*—he had all the symbols of various religions suspended on the walls. A sentence from the Koran, a string of Rudraksha beads, a crucifix and the famous aphorism of Kapila, *Jananat Mukti* (knowledge is salvation) and the saying of the great Buddha. There was a line from Victor Hugo which used to be his favourite. *Pour vivre heureux vivre caché*. It expresses the sentiment of a world-weary man, or of an asceticism born either of too little or too much part played in this life. Diogenes could not escape the censures of the unclean world. On one occasion some one told him that he had been reproach-

ed for his philosophy. He made a reply which has been famous in history: "he who would be saved must have good friends, or violent enemies; and that he is best off who possesses both". A man cannot accomplish a great object for the benefit of his species if he is moved by the fear of some unclean creatures trying to play a trick upon him.

If the man's conscience has no reproaches to make, he should derive consolation from the reflection of Diogenes and push on the work in the full blaze of the censorious world. The world is not entirely made up of mean ugly-minded men; we have in this world an abundance of high-souled and clean-minded men and women. There is no need to have pessimism. It is a malady caused by the sombre religions, preached in this world, which condemning this life exalt the life to come. If nature is wicked and cruel, she is equally noble and kind, the end in view being a perfect adjustment and balance for the evolution and continuance of the species.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Ergo non desiderare dico esse jucundus"

. Cicero, De Senectute.

He has been all through life an aristocrat and a Brahmin in religion and philosophy. He was impregnated with the principles of the philosophy of his Brahminic ancestors, and had an unshakeable belief that the morals and philosophy of the ancient Brahmanas¹ had coloured and tempered all the religions of the world. The news of the assassination of Monsieur Carnot, the President of the French Republic, by an Italian anarchist, Santo Cesario, reached India ; and that made him think of his philosophy and search for a cure for anarchism which is not dead in the western world.

I give in extenso Kishorimohun's philosophical essays in the following pages. One of these essays was contributed to *The Present Day*, a journal, edited by that remarkable man, George Jacob Holyoake.

SINCERITY BETTER THAN GRACE."

For this article we are indebted to the editor of the Indian Echo himself, an Indian gentleman distinguished for his high lineage, and who excited much interest in England, when he was studying at the London University. The thoughts expressed in the article carry the reader back to the earlier ages of mankind. The ideas suggested in it will remind many readers of Auguste Comte, as interpreted in some of the poetry of George Eliot.

THE EDITOR, THE PRESENT DAY.

Dwija, twice-born, of true Aryan mintage, the serious student must look deep into the bowels of the slaughtered past for the genealogy of such an idea—not in Greece, not in Rome, not in the *Parthenon*, whose glories still fire the most Turkish tourist; not in the *Palatium* of the Cæsars, amidst whose ruins are lavished this day the riches of London and of New York,—where? So

near and yet so far ! In Anglo-India, what was Aryavarta then, in some woody retreat. No artist need come to study the architecture—in a shed, roofed with dry leaves, squatted on a cushion of straw, more naked than the nude Calybo, his shaggy hair scattered at random in matted locks over his tawny shoulders, skin and bone, with eye lids closed—is it death, or his image ? The lips do gently move. The man of silence meditates on nature. If not to spare water is the sign of nobleness, if to be cleanly is godly, this man is both great and divine. Water to him is infinitely blessed. All water to him is bénite. Ablution ! Wouldst thou cleanse the spirit ! first lave the flesh. There a string passing from his left shoulder—the holy investiture—the sacred thread. A modern colporteur might sneer, but let him reflect, and kneel down where he stands ; for it is the symbol of humbleness and littleness. A piece of thread is the Dwija's all—he communes with his Maker with a halter round his neck. This is superstition now—worse—the husk alone remains, the liquor of

“leave-all-thou-hast-and-follow-me” sort of frenzy has long dried up. *Gani* was inspired when he said “where is that madness, that I may break at a bound through the bonds of reason.” Yes, carnal, selfish, bellicose reason ! Children may cast stones at the maniac ; oh for that burning madness ! Its pure flame can alone irradiate the universe of flesh. And what valueless valour ! before which kings, then tyrants, quailed—that self-subduer, triple commander—*Tridandi* ! This is the spot. The same sun still shines upon it ; but the spirit of that sun which the Dwija adored no more sits brooding upon the land. Thou wearest the same insignia, but Marcus Tullius Tyro is not Marcus Tullius Cicero. A Hindu is not an Arya. Thou gloriest in the agnomen of Hindu. The very birth of a Hindu, ninety per cent., is a social mistake. What seems like multiplication of the species is the omen of division—some thing worse—dissolution. Multiply and increase, not multiply and diminish, was the primeval voice. Man is not an ephemeris — his days are not

mere seconds. The Almanack of his existence is to-morrow *ad infinitum*—on, on, recurring. The abstract man—briefly we call it the soul. Individuals perish, groups may perish, but this is imperishable—this abstract man is the least selfish, the least animal. How read these maxims now? Public opinion,—live for others. All these are more or less bright emanations from the grand ideal. The Hindu babe is like a stray calf or a stray lamb—know ye not that it is an object of interest to the community for better or for worse? Savings of years you expend upon its advent, regardless of its onward development. You have eyes—see what is in the pot ere you ask guests to your table : this is plain. The world is a world of competition. Every child needs a fair start. Its education should begin from the very day of its birth, or its terminus will be the gallows or self-slaughter. We lead a wife, not victim, to the altar. We enter into a solemn contract when we are utterly incapable of understanding the nature of a single one—but worthy to bring new lives

into existence. If Hindus are outstripped in the race, it is their own fault. Remember the story of the hare and the tigress—the former is the most prolific ; but what is the fate of her progeny ?”

The Present Day.

March 1885.

PRELUDE.

The memorable words of Victor Hugo, "*this will kill that*", or, the flash of knowledge will strike the church, are more piquant than real. St. Paul would not shut out knowledge, but warned all to "prove all things". The church would incarcerate every Galileo. A perverse belief in "holy ignorance" had wrought deadly hostility between religion and science. Religion condemned the scientific method as the gift of the devil—Torquemada did worse—and science was not slow to resent. Each forgot how much dear the one was to the other. Progress or happiness is the true end of existence. Science is a wild pursuit, if it fails to teach man how to live well, and religion is worthless if it forces man to live on blindly. Man is a machine, but a *thinking* machine, and as such can *know* that the human machine is under the dominion of mechanical laws—statical and dynamical. The forces that hold the universe in its place must

also exert their influence on man. These forces either draw man towards or away from the orbit of progress or happiness, or obstruct his movement. They may be described as positive and negative force. Rishi Kapila resolved all existence into a combination of such forces—**रागविरागयोर्योगः सृष्टिः**—he would rigidly apply the scientific or inductive method to the investigation of morals—the road to happiness; and gently, but not irreverently, puts by the notion of *Oeos* in his logical calculation—**ईश्वरादिभ्यो** Having arrived at certain conclusions, the Rishi proclaims that in order to be happy man should overweight the positive forces, or the gross or unthinking particles of the body that hamper his progress, with negative forces or the fine or thinking particles of the body — **वैराग्यात्** Rishi Patanjali walks on the steps of the *maestro*, but in order to attain the desired end, he suggests as an alternative a course of meditation on *Oeos*, or its emblem श्री, the *yoyos* of St. John. Nevertheless, theology is not more essential to the disciple than it was to the master.

Patanjali only leaned to his hereditary creed. In their inductions of morals, Kapila, Patanjali and Comte are generally agreed.

Nikola Tesla has since written grandly in the Century Magazine. To him, science is the best revealer and the staunch ally of religion. He like Patanjali, but unconsciously, repeats almost every word of Kapila, differing merely in the point of view from which he looks at the forces—To him, 'ignorance,' is a negative or rather frictional, whereas to Kapila, or Patanjali, अविद्या is a positive force. Nor does Tesla deal with the many formulæ of flexions and postures of the limbs, or of the regulation of the breath, which the Rishis have enacted in order to prolong human life and secure its easy dissolution in the manner of Dante's "ripe apple." Tesla, much after the way of Patanjali, extols his own traditional theology, declaring that the deductive conclusions of the Scriptures agree with the inductive results of science. It follows that neither Kapila, nor Patanjali nor Comte nor Tesla, regards theology as the indispensable basis

of morals. Tesla would reduce the negative forces by *habit* which coincides with Kapila's अभ्यासः. "Gradually slip off the lower man and be happy; lo, how the hydra sheds its skin and rejoices"—अहिर्निर्लुप्यनीवत् is the language of Kapila.

Food is the very first problem in the geometry of morals, and one knows the kind of food the average man longs for; but Nikola Tesla with the courage of Hannibal—whom Neibuhr asks the world to respect, nay love—would stop the barbarous slaughter of cattle, and turn to the field, to agriculture, to mother Earth for sustenance. Millions in India at this day, from *habit*, condensed by the practice of a thousand years, have learnt to throw a kind of sanctity over the lives of cattle. Dante's *maestro*, Mantua's Virgil, would, perhaps, have recognized in the "Hindus" of the Greeks the remnants of the golden age:—

“ et ante

Impia quam cœsis gens est epulata juvencis.”

Aye. “l'instruction fait tout.” “Grant us knowledge” is the whole orison of the

Brahman, and, in the text of Kapila, knowledge is *the* saviour, (ज्ञानात् मुक्ति). Not knowing Kapila, Tesla cites Buddha. Will the sun's rays,—the "bright effluence" of the sublime idolatry of Milton—on which the Rishis rest their hope, and which Tesla would harness, dispel the darkness that envelopes the soul of Europe, the darkness begotten of the five *eidola* of creed, colour, dress, name and race—the Punjab, or the Five Waves, of *ignorance*, or अविद्या,—Acheron, Phlegethon, Lethe, Styx, and Cocytus!

PATANJALI'S PRESCRIPTION.

The mind cannot dwell long on the events that are taking place in all directions without seeking to learn their origin. The tales of small or big conflicts with which the news sellers intrude upon our morning prayers are found to amuse many; but few would care to ascertain their cause. The strifes and conflicts that have been going on in Africa and Asia are not mere isolated or desultory cases; but they are the sporadic effects of one single cause. That cause has to be looked for in the constitution of Europe. The germs or bacilli of the epidemic are there. One hears much of material advancement. Europeans speak of it as their civilization and can conceive of no other. That Europe has grown considerably since she cast off the slough of the Dark Ages, there can be no doubt; but it is equally certain that that development has been altogether one-sided. The animal instinct, instead of keeping pace with the advance of thought

has over-grown itself and turned the course of thought to its own purposes. That man, like his fellow-animals, should like to have acquire and enjoy, is but natural. The distinction of Europe consists in the cultivation of that instinct to perfection. The beaver lives and fights, and builds its own abode. The minute ant has its little colony, and with calculating instinct, it garners for its own comforts a few grains in its little nest for future want; it fights, conquers, enslaves and thrives. Bees make their comb with almost mathematical care; they have their idle *aristos*, the drones, and their workers and even their queen. The arboreal man was perhaps a degree better. he perhaps lived better and decidedly fought better, for he fought with sticks and missiles. Men have since learnt to build pretty houses, to make nice cities, to keep better tables, to fight with better weapons—bows and arrows and spear have made room for swords, and lances, and bayonets and Maxims; but on close examination one reads the meaning of all this to be that thought has helped to pro-

vide for the wants of the instinct. The brain or the mind has gone on devising the means, and planning the arts for the gratification of the senses. Not only must the whole animal and vegetable kingdom be laid under contribution for the delectation of our table; but a wretched goose must be dressed with all the refinements of torture that *pate-de foies gras* might give a varied relish to the languid palate. The birds which charm the forest with their throats and plumes must have their little lives twisted out of them in order that our bonnets may be embellished, and marine mammals must be destroyed to beautify our muffs and muff-chains. Our instincts desire these things and minds are not slow to devise the means and supply the wants. It may be, modern Europe has made material advance over Clovis, and Tamerlane, and Nadir; but the principle of action has remained the same; and has it increased our own happiness and happiness of our fellow-beings? Asia* might profitably be questioned for an answer. Speaking roundly, wild men must in primi-

tive times have lived in Asia as in Europe. It is well-known with what vigour the arts of life flourished in Asia. Her "barbaric" gold at once excited the envy and tempted the cupidity of young Europe; but as Asia was the first in the field of material refinement, she alone can claim the distinction of having given birth to many a system of morals, and India, foremost in all kinds of culture, was the birth-place of a great religion. If the Indian mind had for many a day devised means for the gratification of the animal instinct, it at length grew to assert its own ascendancy, and, having once been the bondsman of the desires, gradually became their sovereign lord. All Europe never was able to give birth to a religion, and though the Brahminic spirit in Judaic form picked its way in the course of time into Europe, it found a soil cold and uncongenial. The old temper of the Vikings and the Visigoths—fierce and adventurous—eventually succeeded in enlisting the alien religion in its own service. Europe poured forth her thousands in full armour to assail the Sara-

cens in the name of the Crusade, and displayed to the full sternness of her disposition in the horrors of the Inquisition. The priest himself assumed the garb of a sovereign or became the vassal of a sovereign, and religion in disgust sought the solitude of the cloister. With wealth as the only road to salvation, Europe has been spreading herself over the world in her ceaseless career of arms. Her missionaries, her merchants, her soldiers and her labourers are to be met with in abundance in every quarter of the globe. She still feels that not contentment but enjoyment is the pinnacle of happiness. Europe delights in the amplitude of her children, and would find homes for them at any cost. Manu warns us against the growth of population in the language of religion. Rishis Valmiki and Dwaipayana would tire the very echo with reiteration that it is allowed to man to acquire, but lawfully; it is allowed to man to use his appetites, but lawfully. The Rishis of old impress upon us the efficacy of contentment. Never are the desires appeased by indulgence, but they would blaze even more

furiously like fire fed with oblations of clarified butter Valmiki, working upon the homily, holds up before us the picture of a powerful and prosperous sovereign. King Ravana ruled over the beautiful island of Sinhala—his table groaned with piles of roast peacocks, and his golden goblets sparkled with wines of fruits and flowers ; his treasury was filled with the wealth of the world ; his palace glittered with gems of the finest water and jewels of every lustre, and was gay with damsels whose sylphlike forms were the envy of the nymphs of Indra ; and yet that deluded monarch sighed for more, and the thought of Sita, the fair anchorite, disturbed his repose and wrought his untimely end. Such is the answer Asia gives to Europe. He is truly wealthy, say the Rishis, whose desires are few, for those whose wants are many can never be contented. *Leave all thou hast and follow me,* is the principal word of command which Valmiki gives to the world in the person of Rama. Rama, the soul, or the eternal *ego*, the internal sense, bids Sita, the fair one,

the body or external organs, to abandon the desires and merge herself in him. Patanjali prescribes the remedy,—by discipline, by practice alone, says that Rishi, can we dispel the Venus of ignorance or illusion. As the cataract darkens the vision, so does the veil of illusion enshroud the mind. Remove that illusion and you will irradiate the soul. From habit the famished *coolie* rejected the "ambrosial" repast which the European traveller offered from his table, and the European, intoxicated with the superstition of self-indulgence, despised him all the more. Bacon is perhaps the only European that can be said to have at all approached Patanjali's notion of illusion. His *idolas* and his *siccum lumen*, or the pure or dry light, are the results of profound thought. The *idolas* are the phantasms or images which obscure the face of pure reason, and are the origin of many prejudices—natural, national, tribal, or individual. But when every thing has been said and done, one sadly asks oneself, when will the mania for destruction cease? Those

alone, the Rishis have said, will be blessed with the length of days whose minds have been able to discipline their bodies and to curb their desires. The film of illusion keeps spreading over the soul of Europe, or else she would remember the reward of long life which Jehovah ordains for those who will honour their father and their mother. Science, while it may diminish the hope which led the Spartan Cleombrotus to shorten the shorter for the longer life of Plato, fully seconds religion in sustaining the blessings of a long life, and yet Europe is heedless of the lives of her own children and those of others. Patanjali saw the evil ages ago, and combining the rigid scientific thought of Kapila with the precepts of religion, has left us his prescription—drill well the forces of the body, drive away the troops of witches that beguile the senses, and deliver *the man*.

“THE BOER WAR AND ITS MORAL.”

“However much some may snarl or sneer at the immense display of jubilation which recent events have evoked all over the Empire, the outburst of enthusiasm cannot be said to have much overstepped the rule of proportion. The terrible disasters, the tremendous loss of life, the suffering of the beleaguered garrisons had so strained the sentiments of the people, that it is nothing but natural, that the moment of relaxation should be marked by some such scenes as were lately witnessed in the broad streets of London. It is the people that endure most in the wars of their country ; and it is theirs to rejoice after their own manner when the time of relief comes. The multitude—Celtic or Saxon—is essentially the same ; and *demos*, while too prone to be dejected by adversity, is, on the other hand, equally prone to be elated by prosperity. It may be that lavish demonstration of flags on the house tops, and the hoisting of them on the

coach-boxes have a comic side, culminating in the worship of marble and canvas—the statue of a hero here and the portrait of a hero there ; but the populace, which feels like all sentient creatures, has never been suspected of philosophic tendencies. The feast of the carnival in Rome, like its precursor, the orgies of Saturn in the heathen days, is a mere popular institution ; and it is mightily ludicrous for an ædile, or a stern divine, to speak of the one or the other as the symptoms of madness, portentous of the destroying wrath of Jove or Jehova. All this, however, has a small place in the consideration of the ethical conditions of war. War—whatever the motive, gain, glory or power—is known to bristle with horrors. In modern warfare—Europeans fighting against Europeans—it is no more “Hector glorious from Patroclus fall,” or the Horatii and the Curati ; but it is number that does the work, or the party which can afford to bear the most killing wins the day. To kill and to be killed are the credit and the debit sides of the account of a battle or a campaign.

Think of the mangled limbs, the tortured faces of the dead, the moanings of the dying, the groans of the wounded, and, at a distance, the wailing of women bereft of husbands or bereaved of offspring ! to see or hear of carnage for the first time will make the heart shudder ; but long intimacy with it—and this has been a protracted war—is apt to rouse our interest and enkindle in us those fiercer passions which it is the distinguishing character of civilization to suppress when it cannot altogether wear off. Habit or constant association can weed out from human nature, as it can stamp on it, the beast or the tiger. The gentle Sita in her hermitage expostulates with her royal lord to cast off the badges of the military caste much in this strain :—Once upon a time a saint, being fired with a desire to attain divine bliss in the flesh, devoted himself to the performance of severe austerities and many an irksome penance ; but wily Indra, ever on the watch to mar the noble designs of the sons of men, appeared before the saint in the garb of a common

soldier, and handing over his bow and arrow, implored the Rishi to keep them for him until his return from a long pilgrimage. The saint, overcome by his entreaties, promised to do so, and, well aware of the sacred nature of a trust, would never lose sight of the weapons even for a single moment. Gradually he learnt to admire them, to be fond of them, even to play with them, and last of all, to use them ; result was that he, who could not before bear to see the smallest insect hurt, now drew pleasure from the sight of wounded tuskers twisting their trunks in death's agony, while big drops of tear rolled from their languid eyes. Thus by constant association a St. Francis was changed into a Nimrod. However, it is neither the irritating consequence of a prolonged war which doubtless is liable to beget in the mind something like a sportsman's zest for game, nor the spectre of the field of battle where, in the words of a Sanskrit bard, goblin maidens, drawn by the scent of blood, dance wildly to the howl of the wives of ghouls, beating time with the

open palms of their hands on dead men's skulls,—it is neither the one nor the other of these traits that is the worst evil the South African crisis presents to us. The Transvaal conflict is merely a small effect of a fermenting cause. The mind of Europe must have been developing until a state is produced, which threatens to be similar to what it was in the dark or middle ages when war 'was almost a daily traffic, and scarcely a week passed without the breaking out of some kind of hostility. It would seem as if the European mind had never been permeated to any extent with a higher tone of thought ; and the growth of military spirit, which is bursting forth in all directions, may gradually lead back the nations from the path of intellectual progress. Here is a source of anxiety to all mild and pacific men of whom no account will be made, while the profession of arms and the military caste will secure the whole meed of praise and esteem, and, indeed, stand out as the model for the world's conduct. „India, while she may piously rejoice in the successes, cannot

avoid grieving with one dropping eye at the Mavortial attitude of her masters. And the saddest thing of all is that poor Buckle, the most English of Englishmen and a fervent patriot, would with a blush have had to re-write or expunge many pages of his remarkable History.

PRELUDE.

The words were written on the news of the murder of Sadi Carnot. Such disorder in the European circle may for a time find some relief out of the good things of the outside world; but like causes will beget like results also there, and in the end rebound with a mightier swell on Europe and every limb of Europe. Socialism is a protest against the existing order of things. It has, of course, many phases; but if the doctrines of Rousseau, Fichte and Bakunin are of the same flesh and blood, anarchy is at once the offspring and queen of socialism. The *contract social* of Rousseau, passing through the furnace of the German idealist, has deposited the dross of silver of Bakunin's *amorphous commune*, and "holy ignorance." Surely, even the most moderate of socialists must be prepared to raise men from the slough of animalism before their method can lay claim to a truly moral system of life.

Will the words here serve any good? None, yet men are known to clamour in despair. Flesh fear alone can restrain the many for good sense abides in the mind, and the many are mindless. Alas, the spirit of the Rishis, the ancient sages of Arya-vartha, the India of the Greeks and the Romans, is now dying or dead!

KAPILA,

OR

Antidote Against War And Anarchy.

VESUVIUS smokes and the neighbours are in a state of alarm. Greece is in an ague of earthquake and the natives suffer. The cause of the alarm in the one case, and the cause of the suffering in the other, are alike due to the mysterious operation of nature. Nature is known to destroy human life by disease or accident. • Man naturally feels for man. We grieve at the fate of the victim whether of disease or of accident, we lament the death of our friend, our relation, or our neighbour, for a while ; we then in a manner forget the loss, and, resigning ourselves to the inevitable, calmly follow the usual pursuits of life. But when man lays his hand upon his fellow-man, when one man takes away the life of another man, whether in a fit of sudden anger or in a spirit of revenge, our grief for the loss may not be any the less, but our alarm is all the more,

since we are led by our instinct to look upon the act as a thing out of the course of nature and condemn it as unnatural; but when a man drives a bullet or plunges his dagger into the heart of another man, not in a more or less sudden fit of passion, but because the assassin hates the whole society of which his victim is the idol or image, our alarm is intensified and overwhelms our consciousness. Sadi Carnot is gone. The last words of the man—*je suis perdu*—still keep ringing in our ears; but it is not merely an individual man that has been slain. It is the President of the French Republic that has been stabbed. Santo has shed the blood of that great society of men of which Carnot was the vivid representative. The fabric of the society which it is the faith of Santo to destroy is much the same in all parts of the European world. Santo himself is a member of a society which, howsoever small just now, is also European. Thus, in the vast European world, there is a small orb which is preying as a canker. Diseases will run their course, accidents will happen, the earth will

tremble and burning mountains will now and then throw up their lava, but the ravages of disease or the depredations of nature are almost nothing before the volcano of wild socialism, wine-bibbing and flesh-eating socialism, of which anarchy is the yawning crater. The picture which Milton gives us of sin is an apt picture of socialism. Sin is at once the offspring and the queen of Satan; anarchy is at once the offspring and the queen of socialism. Deluded with the thought of equality, socialists have given birth to anarchy which has become a standing menace to Europe. Strikes, in mild or virulent forms, have become quite common in European societies, and what are these but mere acorns of anarchy. These are the drops which ultimately make the ocean. Despairingly one asks oneself whether there is any remedy for this evil of anarchy, and the process of thought which works in the mind is this—where there is luxury there is poverty; poverty means hunger. Poverty in the midst of high luxury is apt to be fiendish in its discontent, and hunger knows how

to be cruel. There is no sin, says an ancient Rishi, that a hungry man will not commit. Poverty, however, is a relative term. In a society, where some men actually roll in wealth, and the luxuries to which wealth alone can contribute, the many, or the small people, in it are apt to feel not merely the sting but the shame of poverty much more keenly than the many, or the populace, in a society where there is less wealth and therefore less luxury. Indeed, the wealthier a community, the wider in it is the gulf that separates the rich from the poor, and all the sharper and more contrary feelings must beat in the heart of one towards the other. And as secularism begins to impregnate the minds of the populace, and the hope of poetical justice *elsewhere* to grow dim, the discontent of the masses waxes hot, and their jealousy becomes all the more corrosive when wealth assumes the character of the *beau idéal* of life and existence. If European societies at all answer the description, the evil of anarchy will stick to them as a limpet sticks to a rock. •Auguste• Comte

foresaw the evil, and with much labour and industry endeavoured in his own mind to construct a society on the basis of "live for others." In that society the family is the condensed unit, and the domestic hearth the inmost circle of a larger society which is composed of a number of families. The domestic hearth may be taken as the emblem of the dearest domestic relations. The domestic relations are really the rudiments of the language or sentiment of affection, and, by means of these rudiments of affection, Comte would compile a volume of love in which, by a series of gradually extending circles, the population of the whole world, including even some of the useful domestic animals, is comprehended. First learn to love your own mother, nay worship her ; to love your wife, nay worship her ; to love your daughter, nay worship her ; and when you have done this, such is the teaching of that gentle philosopher, so that it becomes a second nature with you, you will gradually learn, almost in spite of yourself, to love all your fellow-beings. Affection for the weak

is the cardinal doctrine of Comte's sociology. The natural consequence of such a doctrine is moderation and forbearance; for, in order to help the weak and unfortunate, one must be able to give up something of what one possesses, in other words, one must be able to stint oneself, if need be, in order that one may help the less fortunate members of one's society. Self-sacrifice is the beginning and end of Comte's social system. Sociolatry or society-worship is really Comte's religion. There can be no doubt that Comte's mind was treasured with many kinds of learning—with the learning of many ages and many countries—with the learning not only of the West, but also of the East. It is impossible to say what share the learning of the Rishis contributed to instruct and elevate the mind of the French priest and philosopher, but it is perfectly clear that the Brahmin priest and philosopher had ages ago, certainly more than 1,450 years before the birth of Christ, said in Sanskrit all that Comte has since said in the French language. Comte has perhaps

written in a more popular form than we see in the fragments that have been preserved to us of the Rishis, but the ideas are all there ; may be, Comte has painted them more fashionably. Remember the Rishis wrote 700 years before the time when the proud founder of Rome was sucking the she-wolf's dugs, years before Cadmus is fabled to have brought the alphabets to dark and barbarous Greece. Rishi Kapila, to whose teachings we are going to allude, lived long before the age of the *Mahabharata*. Sri Krishna, the ethical and political philosopher of ancient India, some of whose exploits are related by Vyasa in the *Mahabharata*, and whom amazed superstition has deified as the incarnation of God, is said to have cherished with reverence the memory of Kapila as the greatest of the sages of antiquity. In the aphorisms of Kapila, or such of them as are still extant, many of the passages are no doubt obscure, and their obscurity has puzzled many commentators, but the simple truths they embody, may be summed up in a few words :—"Happiness is the aim and

end of life. There is good in this world and there is evil. Pleasure results from good. Shun evil and you will be happy. Knowledge is the only road to salvation. In order to shun evil one must know what is evil. The human soul or mind is pure and tranquil as the magnet. As needles of iron rush upon and infest the magnet, so desires like sharp needles rush upon and attack the mind. Shake off those desires, control them, and thou shalt be happy. Contented with our lot, let us work each in his own station. Behold the example of famous courtesan Pingala, hungering for jewels and gems and fineries, and dresses and draparies, she was unhappy ; longing for the embrace of the prince and the luxuries of the palace, she passed many a sleepless night and was unhappy ; she flung away that hunger, and that longing, and suppressed those cravings, she returned to her own station in life and worked, dropped her dreams of silk curtained cots, once more laid her head on her home-spun pillow, slept and was happy." Pingala may well corres-

pond to Hetty Sorrel, a poor farmer's daughter in this passage of Adam Bede :—
 “And Hetty's dreams were all of luxuries, to sit in a carpeted parlour and always wear white stockings ; to have some large beautiful earrings such as were all the fashion ; to have Nottingham lace round the top of her gown, and something to make her handkerchief smell nice, like Miss Lydia Donni-thorne's when she drew it out at church ; and not to be obliged to get up early or to be scolded by any body.”

In societies where fashion and wealth are the ideal, the humbler classes will first admire fashion and wealth, then long for and yearn after wealth and fashion, then try to imitate the wealthy and fashionable, and, since inequality is the law of society, end by envying the fashionable and the wealthy, and the consequence will be the eventual ruin of many and disaster to society. Europe, full of desire, may for a time be able to stay the evil by stretching forth both her arms over Asia and Africa ; but there is only one Asia and only one Africa. The world has limits,

nor is its yield infinite, but the hunger of Europe would leap over all bounds; her wealth grows and yet she is restless and finds not peace. In her home she can boast of parks and palaces, yet in it there are regions where men and women and children roam about unshod, unkempt and unfed. Of the two lessons of Asia's civilization, Europe has learnt well the lesson of pomp and parade but neglected the nobler one of abstinence and forbearance. It is only by controlling our desires, says Kapila, that we can be happy—both rich and poor. Patanjali follows up the idea of his great master Kapila, inculcating that future evil is avoidable by the practice of love, truth and continence. Manu upon that basis builds up his society which in its contour is the evident archetype of the edifice of Comte. The worship of ancestors, regard for posterity, respect for women, tenderness for the weak, which extends even to the useful domestic animals, resound in almost every verse of Manu's Code. The acquisition of knowledge, and discrimination in food and drink, in act and

speech, are, so thought that ancient Rishi, the road to happiness and salvation. Kapila points the way, and has prescribed his specific against anarchy. Will Europe abate her pride, pause and consider ?

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